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CRACKED®

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

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WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

Don't worry about the fin, Sylvester, it just happens to be attached to one of the biggest stars of the year. He's the shark from JAWZ II and if you read the story on page 6, you'll find he's a friend of all your favorite stars!!



WARNING
THIS ROOM
PROTECTED BY

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* ROVER: An Invisible Dog



LETUCE from our Readers



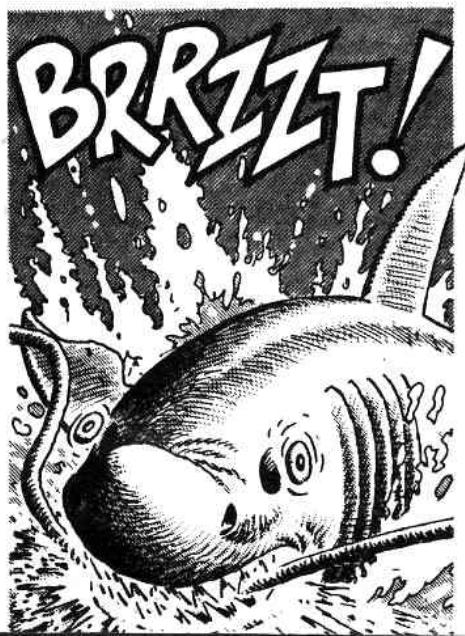
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003



Dear CRACKED,
As a lover of sharks, thanks so much
for JAWS 2.

Milton Lewis
Flagstaff, Arizona

Dear Milton,
Don't mention it—and if you haven't
gotten your fill yet (and who has),
why not check out our special EVERY-
THING YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO
KNOW ABOUT SHARKS COLLECT-
ORS' EDITION; on your newsstand
now!



Dear CRACKED,
Wow! Is it true? I just saw CRACKED
bubble gum cards in the store!
Frank Gruskoff
Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Frank,
It sure is. Each package gives you
a stick of gum to chew plus 6 cards
and a sticker to collect. Or, if you're
weird, 6 cards to chew and a wad of
gum to collect!



Dear CRACKED,
Cloning: The Advantages and The
Disadvantages was really funny.
Cloning: The Advantages and The
Disadvantages was really funny.

Mark Lowell
Mark Lowell
Augusta, Ga.

Dear Mark and Mark,
Our thanks to both of you.

NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED # 156
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
SEPTEMBER 26TH

Dear CRACKED,

I've been meaning to write to you for
a long time, but have kept putting it off
because I didn't know what to say.

Linda Sheridan
Pierre, S. D.

Dear Linda,

We're so glad you got it straight-
ened out!

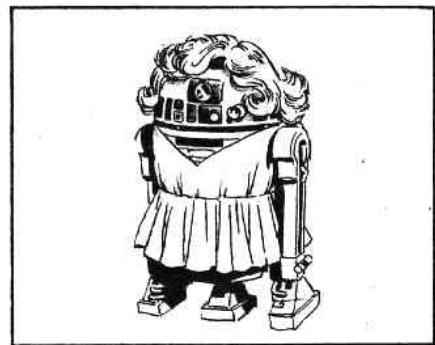
Dear CRACKED,

How come you never give straight
answers to any of these letters?

David La Rango
Terre Haute, Ind.

Dear David,

Our secretary misplaced the office
ruler.



Dear CRACKED,

Has any of the art in your magazine
ever made it into one of America's
great art museums?

David Berger
St. Petersburg, Fl.

Dear David,

All the time. Why just last week a
copy of CRACKED was found lying
on the floor in New York's Metro-
politan Museum of Art!

Dear CRACKED,

You know you're a skateboard freak
when you read YOU KNOW YOU'RE
A SKATEBOARD FREAK WHEN three
times in a row.

Les Caldwell
Madison, Wisconsin

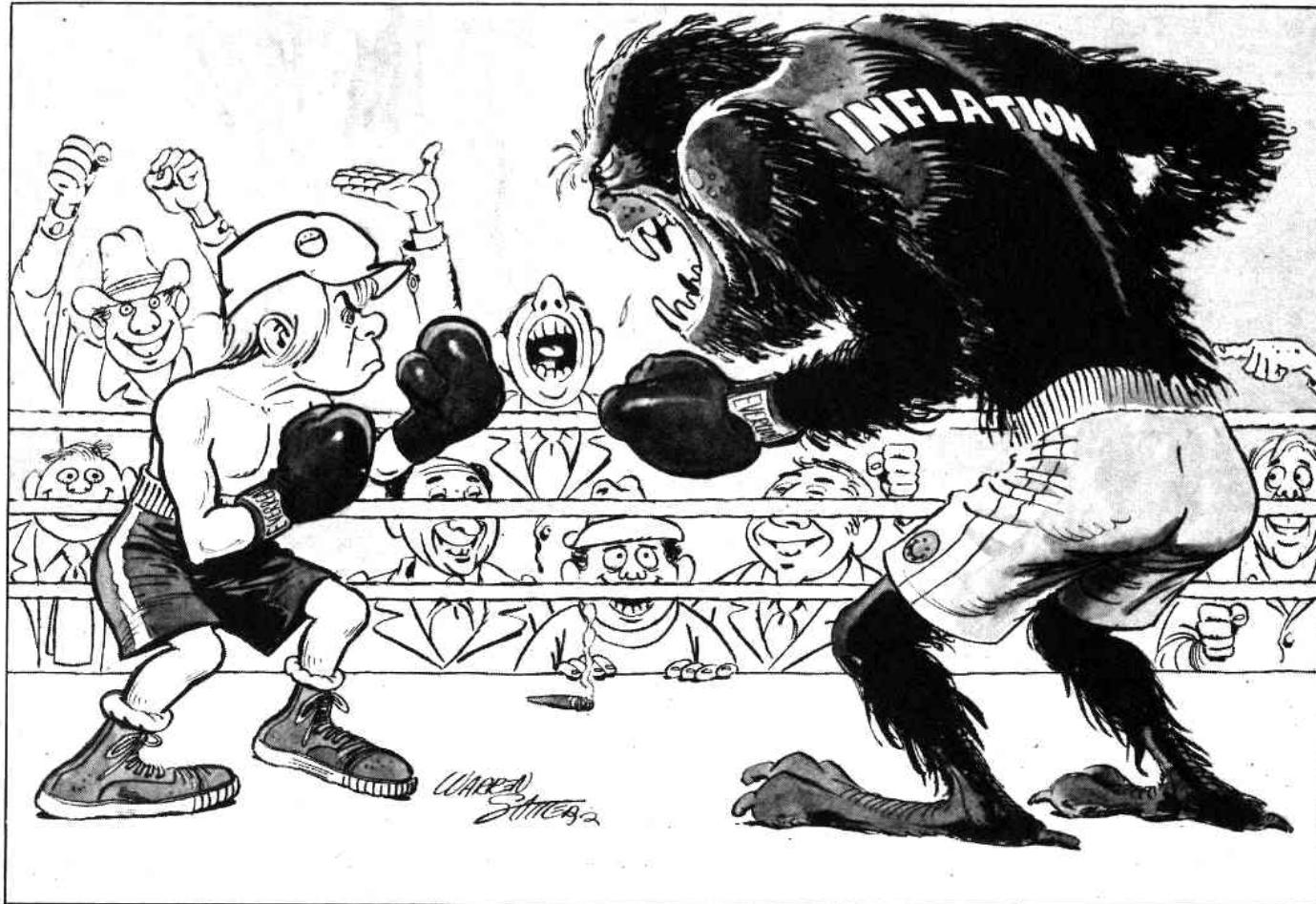
Dear Les,

While on a skateboard, of course.



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**One Day In The
Editorial Offices Of
CRACKED Magazine**

Buzzby, look at this. CRACKED #155 is all set for the printer and we still don't have a lead article. An idea—we need an idea, Buzzby.

OK, how about this boss. Since sequels are so big these days, why don't we create



THE GREATEST SEQUEL EVER MADE

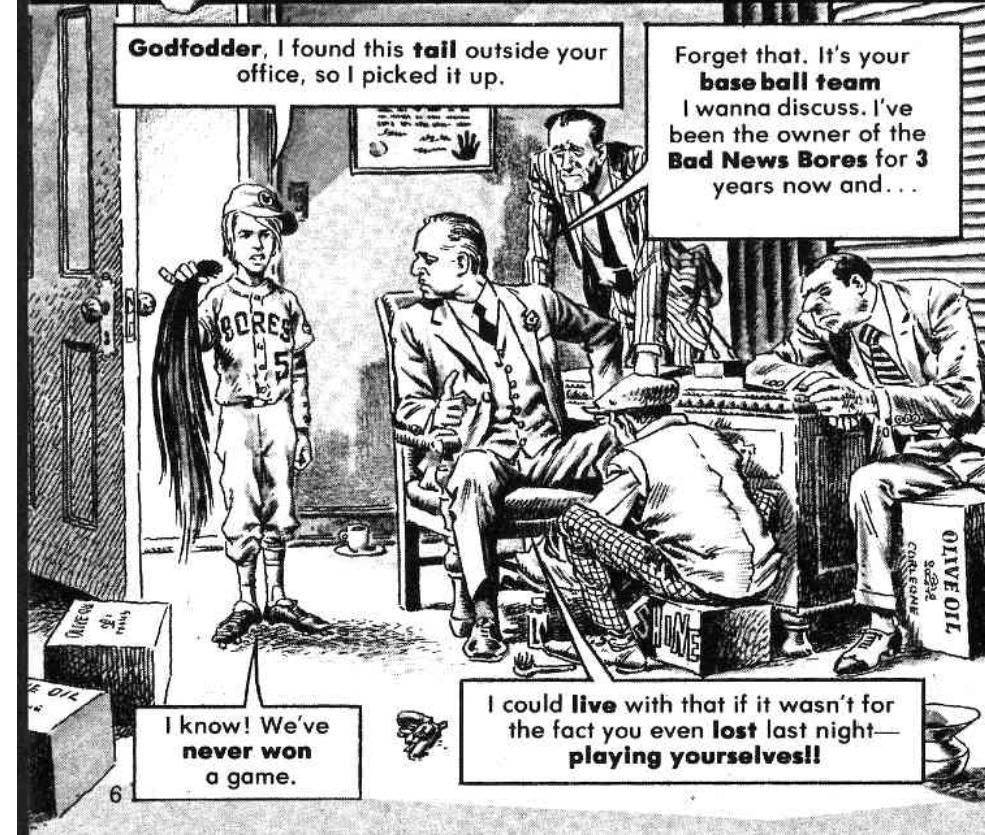


After the above title is flashed, we're ready to switch to the offices of the Godfodder where we pick up our tale.

Godfodder, I found this tail outside your office, so I picked it up.

Forget that. It's your **base ball team** I wanna discuss. I've been the owner of the **Bad News Bores** for 3 years now and...

There's only one solution—I'm hiring a new coach who'll re-vamp your entire team. Calamary—send him in!



Ahhhhh! . . . That . . . that's . . .

Bruce, The Great White—your new mascot. I figure he can give our team the bite it needs. And running around next to him is your new coach—Sheriff Bromo.

And so Bromo and Bruce go about recruiting new members for the losing ball team.

R2D2, you've done it again. We were supposed to go out to buy Master Skystalker his morning paper, but somehow you jetted us to another planet.

Hi there kids—I like your tin coats. You and your brother there know how to play ball?

Ball? Oh, I'm not sure, sir. But I think we can be programmed to learn.

Quick! . . . Everybody out of the water—hurry!

Programmed? . . . Well look. Go over there and let me see you swing.

What potential!! You've made the team!

OK, we've got the readers hooked, so now, suddenly, from out of the sky we introduce.

Hey man! Watch it!! Your exhaust fumes are makin' my star player here all sooty!

Sorry. Are you Sheriff Bromo?

Yeah.

Exactly what do you need?

Yes, I know that, but what's the major weakness of your team?

Ball-players.

Ballplaying.

Oh, I see. Let me just jot that down—most positions are open. . . All right, I'll see what I can do.

I was asked by your Godfodder to help you with some "out-of-town" recruiting.

I REMEMBER THIS GUY FROM SOMEWHERE!

OK you guys! Now let's try some... **HEY! YOU, OVER THERE. GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR.**

Relax. I was only lookin' at your engine.

But you pulled it out from underneath my hood.

Yeah, well I **forgot** my glasses and was just movin' it closer so I don't strain ma eyes.

Who are you anyway?

Oh, that greasy kid. You know how to use a baseball bat?

Dandy Zooko.

A little. I once beat up a gum machine with one.

Close enough. How'd you like to join my little league team?

I'm kinda **big**, ain't I?

How'd you like to **spend** the next **63 years** in prison for loitering with the intent to steal my engine?

Meanwhile on the planet **Scuppernong**.

Greetings, **Scuppernongians**. I return in peace.

Welcome back to our **planet**, Royboy. What have you come for this time?

Your son. I think he'd make an excellent **fielder** for my **Godfodder's little league team**.

What position do you want me to play?

Are you sure?

Quite.

And as Royboy travels back, Sheriff Bromo has run across yet another prospective player whom he decides to test.

OK, the play's at second. Quick Chewie, throw it. Throw it.

Not the base, you clone—the ball. The ball.

WHAP!

Bruce, I just don't know what to do about this team. I...

I'll teach you. Take that—and that—and...

Hey, break it up. Break it up.

WAK!

I want **you** and **you** to stop this...wait a minute.
That's a water fountain.

Yeah. It sprayed me in the eye, so I
was beatin' it up.

I don't like violence.

Why, you got something against
stringed instruments?

Not violins—violence!!

I don't see any
girl scouts—just
some blob.

Uh oh. Somethin' tells
me he went a little
overboard with his
samplin'.

And so the **Bores** had a
whole new team...

Oh tanks, Sheriff—and to
show you my appreciation,
I'm gonna talk my buddy
into signin' up too. He's
da guy standin' over dere
by dose two girl scouts—
samplin' dere cookies.

which, at last was on
its way to a winning season.
Their fielding was exceptional.

BAD NEWS BORES
SPONSORED BY
CORLEONE OLIVE OIL CO.



And when it failed, other assets
of the team were used.



And it's a slow dribble-hit down
the third base line. The Tiger's #26
is running to first—there's the
throw—he slides...

SO LONG, SUCKER!

And he's **OUT**...as the Bore's
first baseman eats him just
seconds before touching the
bag. What a play!!



Finally, the team wins the
championship and is flown
to Japan for the Little League
World Series.

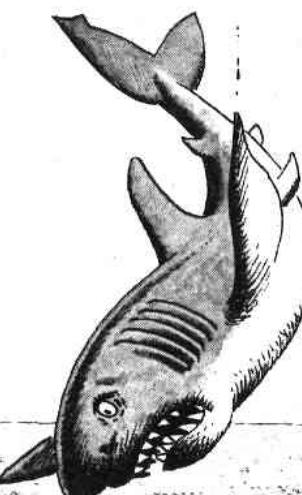
That was one coffee, an all malted
and a dozen dead flies.




But before landing, catastrophe strikes.

Your attention please. A **mad bomber** has blown a **hole** in the rear of our aircraft at almost the same moment as our **collision** with a **Concord 747**. We are **losing altitude** and should be crashing into flames in about 5 seconds. Except for this **minor inconvenience**, we hope you've enjoyed flying **Crumbun Airlines** and, should you **survive**, we hope you'll **fly with us** again real soon.

Quick, Bruce. **Into the water.** You've got to **save the team**... We can't crash... **Godfodder** will be very **angry**—all of our team's uniforms are rented.



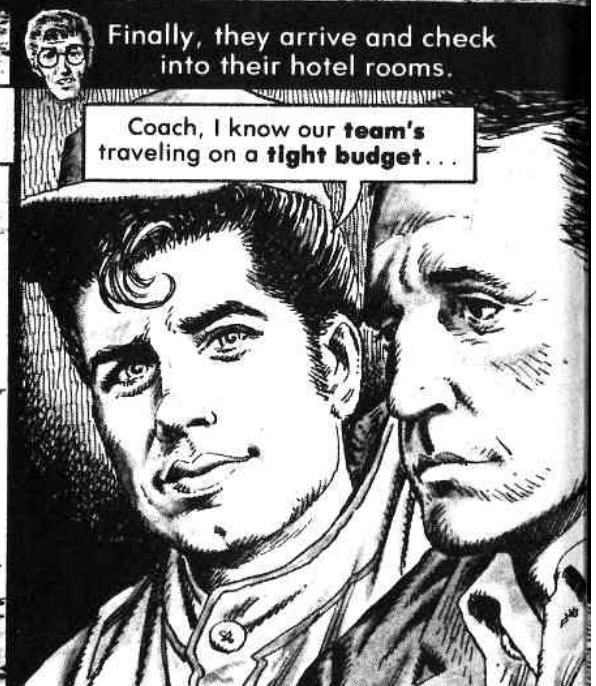
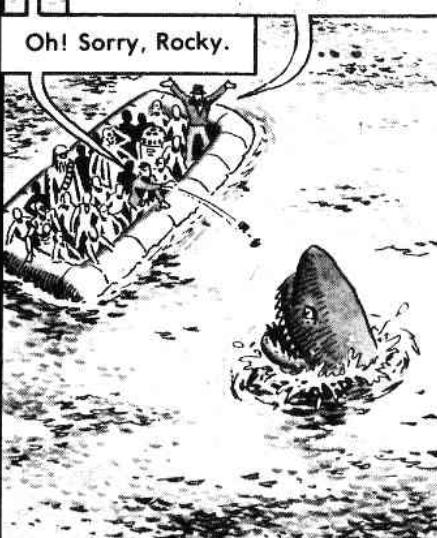
Good work, Bruce. Here, have this **yummy** as a reward.

Sheriff, dat **yummy** you gave him—dose were my **turtles**.

Oh! Sorry, Rocky.

Finally, they arrive and check into their hotel rooms.

Coach, I know our team's traveling on a **tight budget**...



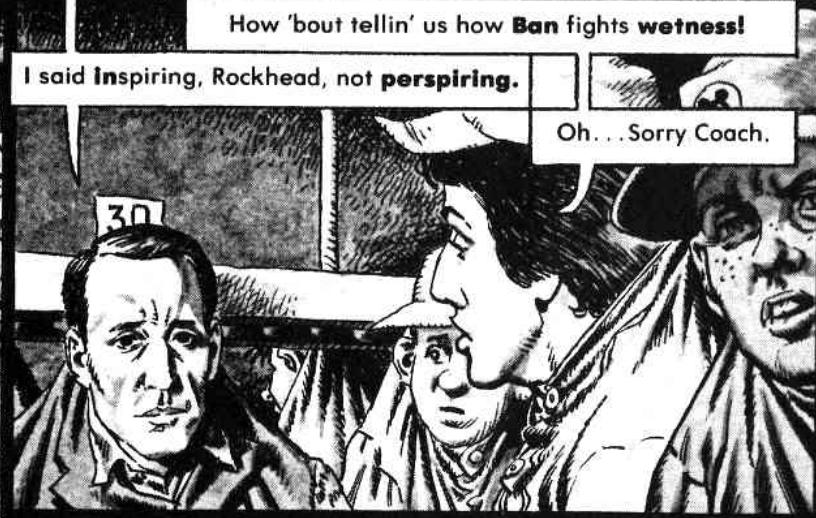
...but this room you got us is **ridiculous**.

CROAK ROOM

Men, today's the big game. I wish I had something **inspiring** to say...



Complain! Complain! Complain!
Your hook is padded, isn't it?



How 'bout tellin' us how **Ban** fights **wetness**!

I said **Inspiring**, Rockhead, not **perspiring**.

Oh...Sorry Coach.

Now, let's get out there and...

FIRE!

Oh no. Sir, this **122**-floor, luxury **hotel** has turned into a flaming **Inferno**.

Bring those **fire hoses** down around here and—hey, it's you.

Well, hi there.

You designed the **last inferno** me and my men had to **put out**.

I know... and I **apologize**. However, to make it up to you, **this time**, I came prepared to help.

Sir, there's a **ball team** trapped in a **coat room** on the **111**th floor.

Did you try getting them out?

I did sir, but I didn't have enough change to tip the check girl with.

What luck.

I'm afraid that the **ball team** is just gonna have to **burn**. We can't put the fire **out** and this time there's no **water tanks** on top of the **building** to save us.

Wait!! Would a **huge wind** be enough to smother those flames?

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

I think so.

OK—wheel him in!

Good work, Kong.

How'd you **trick** him into blowing the **fire out** without eating everyone inside!?

We told him it was his **birthday** and that was the **candle** on his **cake**.

That was a **close** one—and with only **11 minutes** to go before **game time**. Quick! Let's get **over** to that **stadium** so we can...

DOM

WHOOSH!



**PRAY
BAWR!**

OK, CPO. Nobody gets on base today.



The game progresses until finally one out remains.

R2D2, the score's 5-0, there's 2 out and you're the winning run.

BEEP BEEP BEEUP

How do I figure that? Well, there's the talking blob on first, CPO on second, and three men on third.

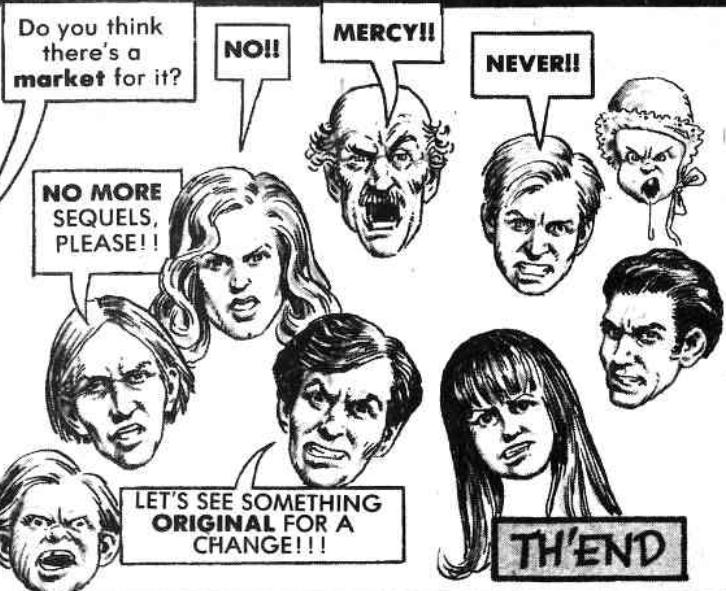
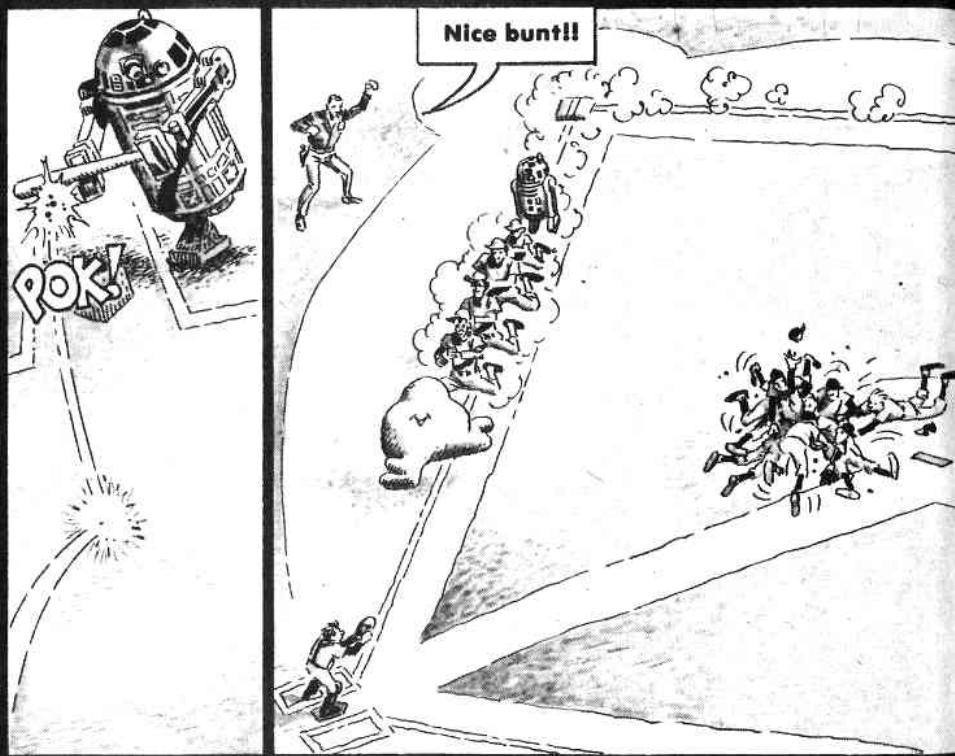
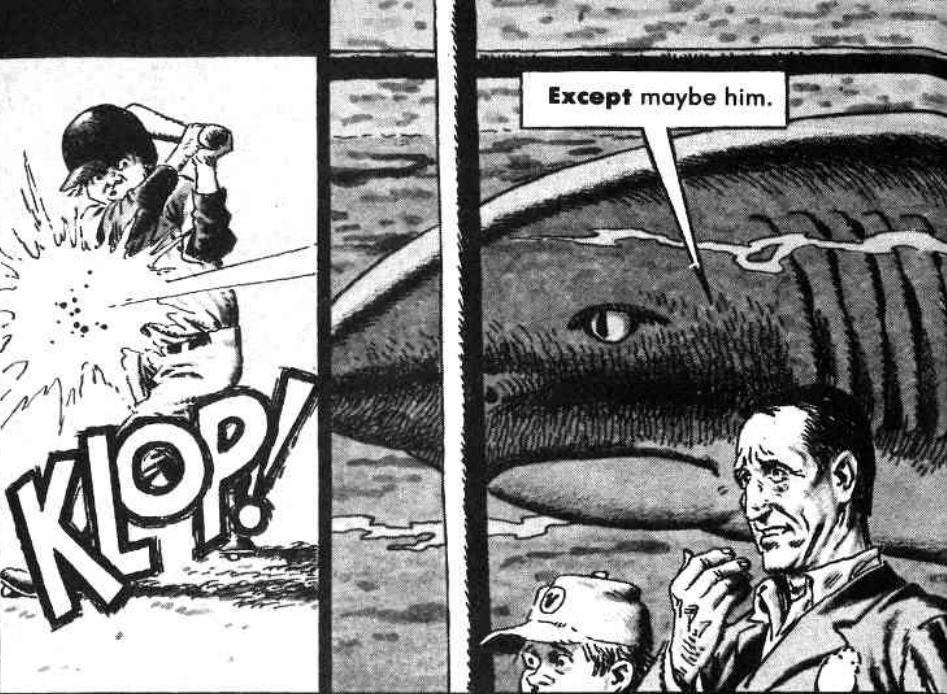
BLIP BLIP BEEP BLIP

Of course it's legal! —Anything is legal when it comes to creating a dramatic ending!



And as the team chants "We're No. 1," we flash "THE END" onto our last panel and fade to black. Well, what do you think?

Think? Why, Buzzby, it's great...sensational! In fact, I think it's so good—let's plan a sequel to it!



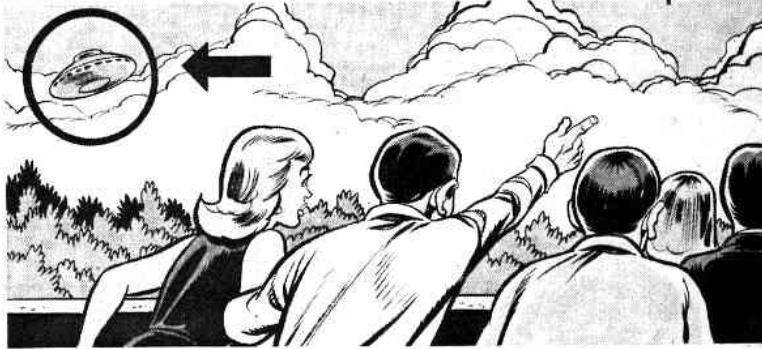
Because of movies such as Close Encounters and TV shows like Project UFO, there has been much in the news lately on whether or not these flying objects really exist. Well, recently THIS magazine (the one you're reading now, dummy) sent out a team of experts to look into the matter. And after endless questioning, picture-taking and torturing of witnesses (in research lasting well over 11 minutes) we put together our findings in one compact report entitled

THE CRACKED INVESTIGATION OF THE UFO PHENOMENON



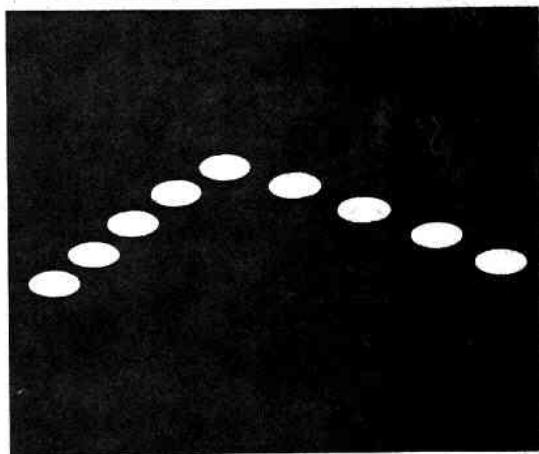
Our investigation began here at the Wakefield Planetarium where, since its opening in 1970, over 200 UFO sightings have been reported **inside** the building alone!

...followed later by an entire fleet of flashing, bright objects. (see photo below)



OCTOBER 16, 1978: The first UFO to be sighted **outside** the planetarium! High atop the observatory deck, U.C.L.A. astronomy students stared in amazement at a passing UFO...

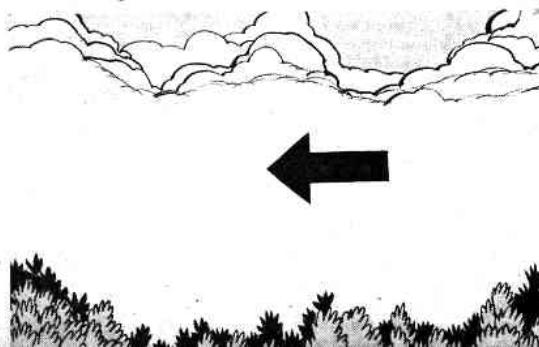
In a public interview, Sheriff Mel Kayway simply shrugged them off as being a flock of **flashlight-wielding geese** flying south for the winter.



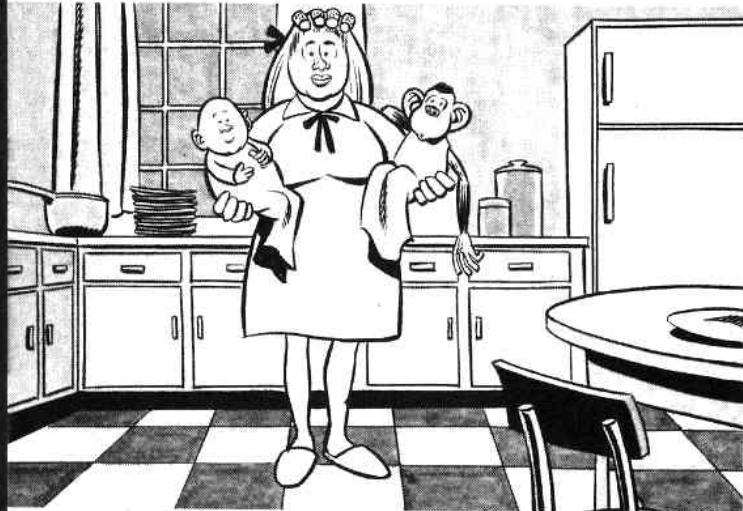
OCTOBER 19, 1978: Another sighting. According to N.Y.U. student, Steve Jackson, when he first spotted the above UFO, he had **barely** enough time to **run** back home, **get** his keys, **hop** in his car, **drive** to his dorm, **grab** his camera, **drive** back to the planetarium, and **snap** this photo virtually seconds before the last falling object **disappeared** behind a grove of trees.

On the same night in another location, **Mickey Mental**, recently released from the Newark Institution for the Hopelessly Insane, said he was there when the falling saucer landed and that an unearthly being was at the controls. Even during a polygraph test, Mental **still** claimed he could see the little green-eyed creature—despite being blindfolded.

After investigating the case, immigration official, Emma Grant was positive that the green-eyed creature which Mental had seen was an **out-of-towner**... perhaps even from another solar system. Or, as Mental put it, an "**illegal alien**."



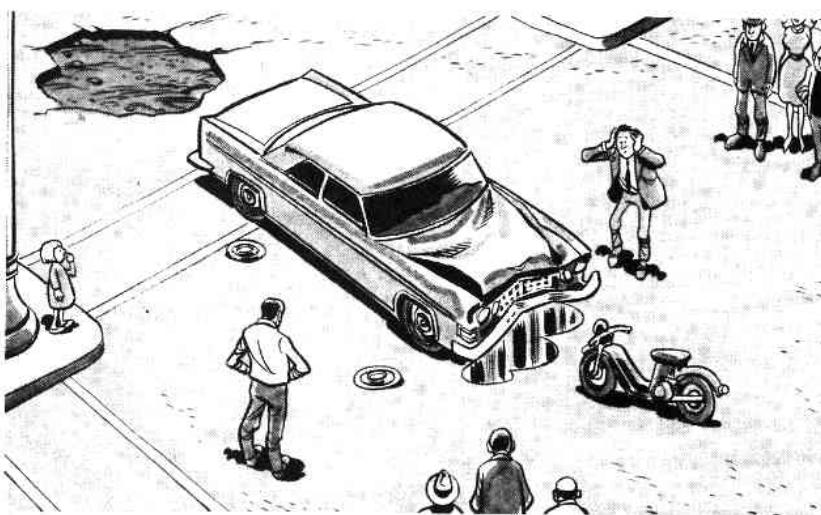
MERE COINCIDENCE?



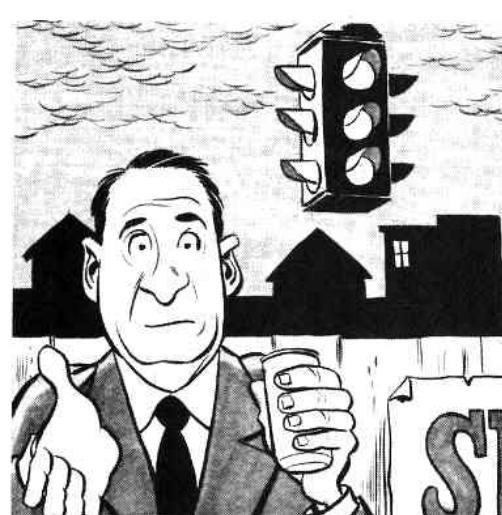
Meanwhile, in still another part of town, while Mickey Mental was having his alleged Martian encounter, Mrs. Mental was giving birth to a pair of **baby boys**...even though she had not been pregnant! Were the children a coincidence—or just figments of everyone's imagination??



Several days later, Dr. Sanford of M.I.T. examined x-rays of a humanoid head found in the same swamp where Mental had spotted the three-eyed creature. Said Dr. Sanford. "This is unlike **any** human skull I have ever seen. It **had** to come from **another** planet."



Another strange occurrence on the night of Mental's alien confrontation was this collision that occurred at an intersection one-half mile away.



One of the drivers in the wreck, **Mack Truk**, claimed that upon entering the intersection, he was distracted by a red, green and yellow flashing light in the sky.

Although most UFO landing sites are discovered in remote areas, Air Force officials can find no logical explanation for this huge depression found close behind Mr. Truk's damaged Cadillac. The **Incredible depth** of the crater indicates it could not have been caused by the two colliding vehicles.



In addition, lying only inches from the front wheel of the first car, Air Force investigators found a **metallic object**, part of what they believe to be the **remains** of the **saucer** which made the unexplained crater.

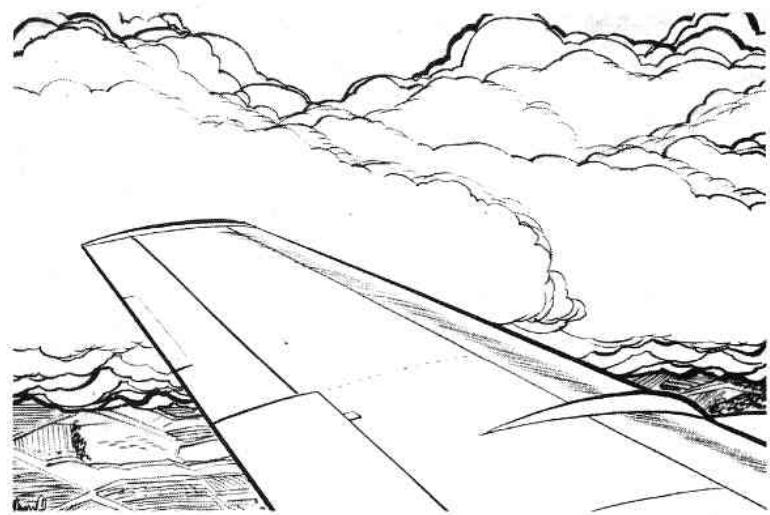




And in still a fourth part of town on that same fateful night, Foster Walker was strolling down a Manhattan alley between 2 high-rise parking garages when he snapped **this** incredible photo.



Several witnesses, including Walker, say they saw a **strange man emerge** from the grounded vehicle on the roof of one of the buildings. After months of studies, a UFO investigative team disclosed that the man has **no home, no family, no military record**, and in fact, **no birth record**. For this reason **many** of his fellow employees at Bernie's Garage have **serious doubts** as to whether he **actually exists**.



OCTOBER 16, 1978: Amateur photographer Camera-on Mitchell took this picture while sunning himself on the wing of a 747 during a recent flight to Miami. The unusual shot was taken just **seconds** after a disc-shaped aircraft passed **out of the range** of his viewfinder.

During the same flight, Mitchell also shot this aerial photograph of New York City at the time of the reported UFO landing. At that **precise** moment (as photo clearly shows) traffic throughout the metropolitan area was at a **complete standstill**. Was this the result of a UFO—or did it have something to do with the fact that rush hour traffic is **always** like that in New York?



At first Mitchell (above) was hesitant to bring the photo to proper authorities for **fear of public ridicule** (and understandably so, as Mitchell is certainly **no ace** with the camera.)

CONCLUSIONS:
After studying all of the evidence presented here, our CRACKED team of experts has come up with the following conclusion:
"The price of paper for these reports is outrageous!"

Well, this is it.
Your first day of camp!

THE CRACKED

You be sure and
take care of
yourself.

It's great being
out in the woods
backpacking again.

Yeah, I've been
waiting all year
for this.

I actually missed the
taste of freeze-dried
food and hiking to
the tops of mountains...

And not shaving or
washing for a week!
What a life! . . . Could
you hand me that stake?



And if it rains,
wear your
slicker.

And if it stops raining,
take it off so you
don't sweat and rot
the rubber!

For once, Harry came
with us to the beach
and little Petie is
so thrilled.

It is. In fact, right now Harry
is letting little Petie bury
him in the sand—oh, I bet
he remembers this day for a
long time to come.

Well, it's good for
fathers and sons
to do things
together.



And do what your counselor
tells you.

And son, if you
remember, how 'bout
writing us.

Do I have
to dad?



This summer,
Eileen, you can
help me with
the garden.

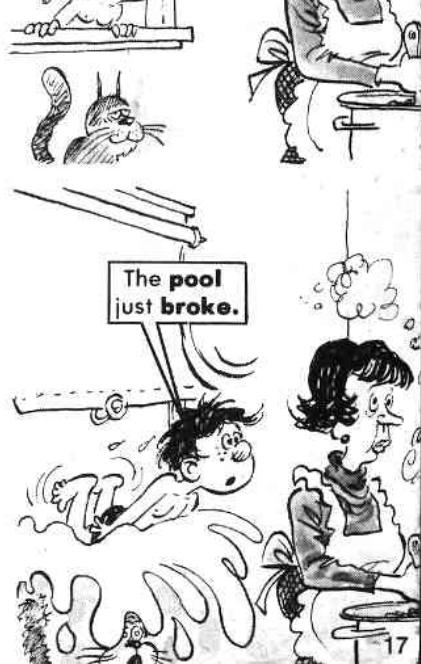
Sure Grandma.

First, we've got
to turn over the
soil with the
shovels and hoes.

And then we
pluck out all
the weeds.



WORLD OF SUMMER



All right ladies and gentlemen. The tour bus will be stopping at the Washington Monument for 81 minutes. Feel free to look around... climb to the top...



And now we're approaching New York City. Tonight we'll be having dinner, seeing a show, going to a night club and then catching a late movie before leaving for Boston at 6 A.M.



This summer, Debbie, you're getting into shape instead of lying around this pool all day long.

But I like sunbathing. It gives me an even tan and makes me look good.

Yes, but looking good and feeling good are two different things.

Now I don't expect you to get out everyday like I do, but there's gotta be some sport you can enjoy once or twice a week.

What about tennis?

All my outfits clash with the colors of the court.



And this morning, our **final day**, we'll be walking along-side a replica of **Paul Revere's** horse tracing the **route** of his famous **mid-night ride**.

Well, **Stanley**, our **7-day bus tour** of **23 states** is almost over. It **was fun**, wasn't it?

Yeah. But it'll be **nice** getting back to **work** on Monday.

Please, folks, keep a **healthy pace** or the **horse** will get **away** from us.

Excuse me, Ma'am. Would you like your grass **trimmed**?

I love family barbeques...
Everyone getting together...
eating food
cooked over an open fire...
playing games.

If you **love them** so much,
why don't **you** ever have one
at **your house**.

EAT AT ARTY'S
TRY OUR NON-FATTENING
ARTIFICIAL FRUIT PLATE

And have the **mess** you're
gonna have in my back-
yard??? Not a chance!!!

I'M YOUR
NEW NEIGHBOR.
CAN YOU SPARE
200 FOR A CUP
OF COFFEE.

THIS CHAIR
WON'T SUPPORT
MORE THAN 98 LBS.

I give up!! Go
back and **sit around**
the pool...you're
hopeless!

I mean it! Some
people just **don't**
know how to
exercise.

Racketball?

Too noisy.



Fall isn't
far behind.



YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN A

...the ballpoint pens aren't chained to the desks, but the tellers are!



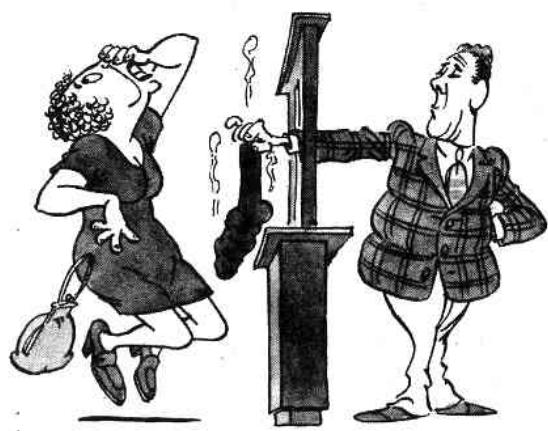
...the bank president always keeps a car running in the back alley!



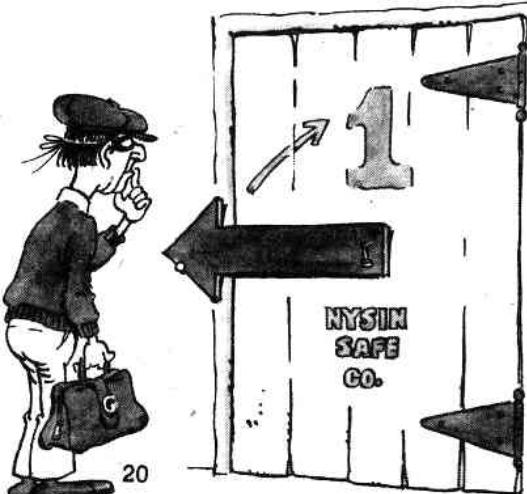
...the banks armored car doubles as a fresh fruit stand!



...the coins are rolled up in old socks!



...the combination to the safe is one number!



...printed on the outside of every safety deposit box are the words "Thom McCann 8½ Triple E."



...the bank pays interest from "day of deposit to day of embezzlement!"



TACKY BANK WHEN . . .

...the hidden security camera is a Kodak Instamatic!



...the bank can't break a twenty!



...the bank guard's gun leaks water!



...the bank's only records are the soundtrack to Star Wars and Vic Damone, Live at the Copacabana



...you ask for change of a ten and get back two fours and a three!



...you ask for a student loan and two days later they loan you one!



...the tellers wear masks to conceal their identity!



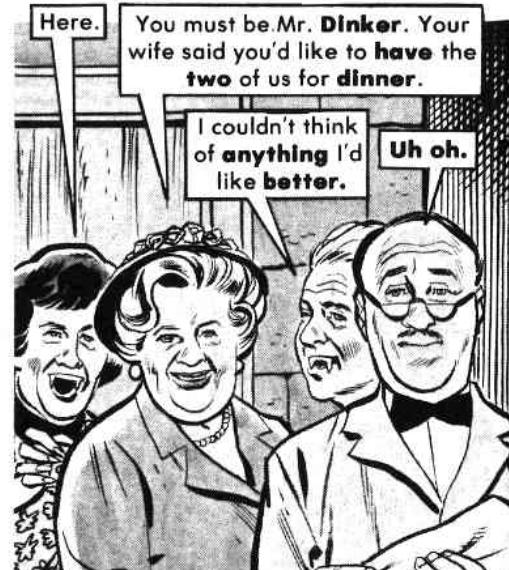
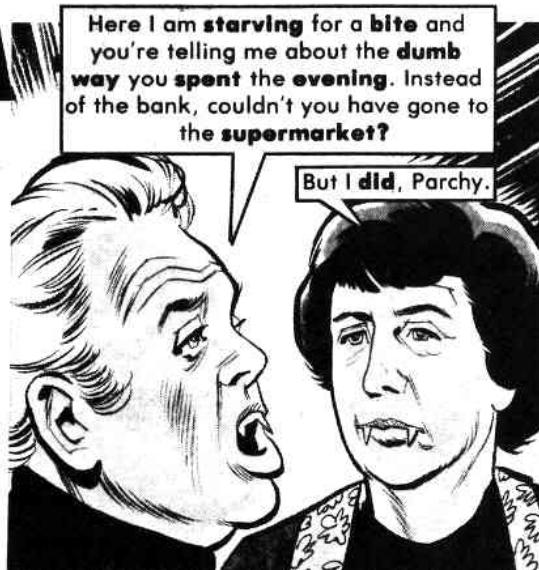
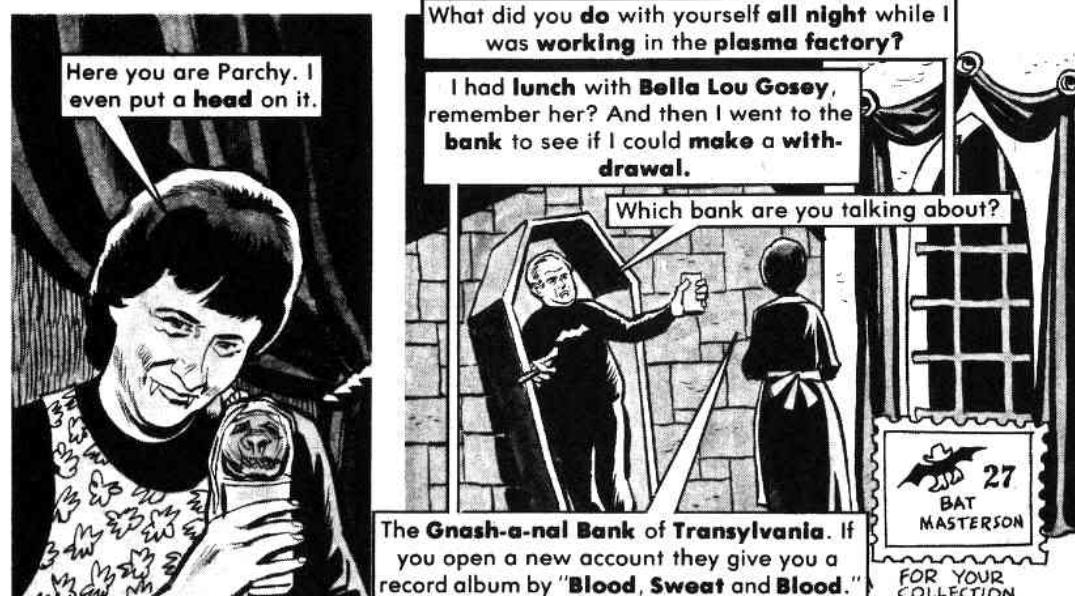
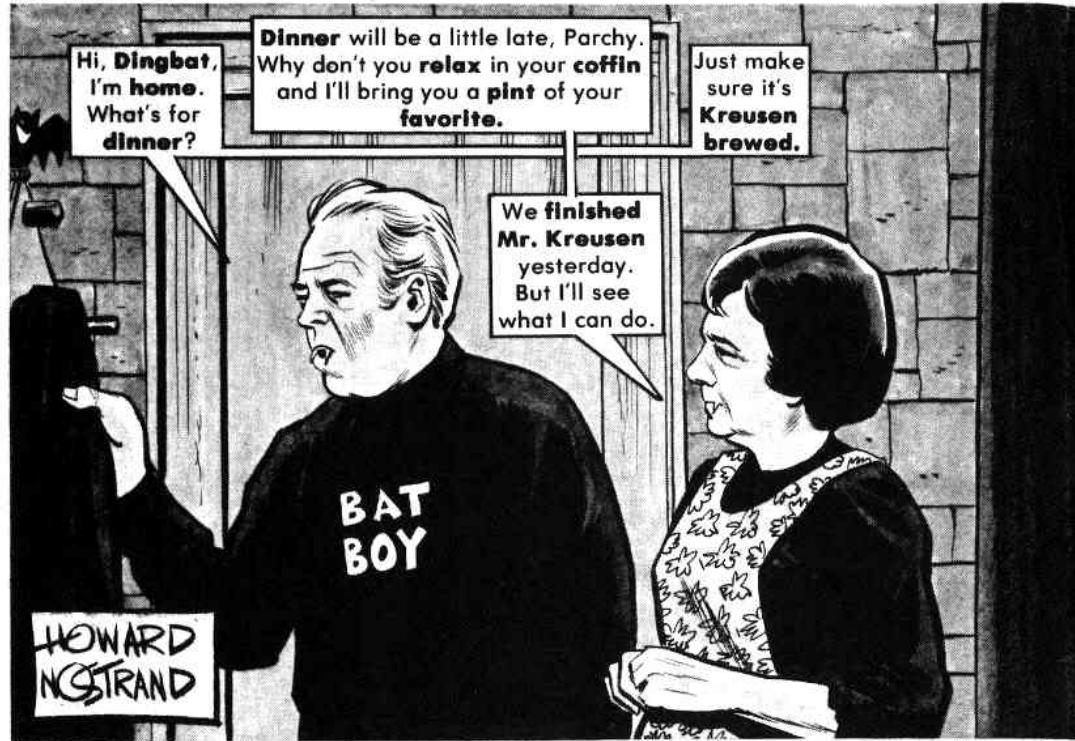
CRACKED is returning a pound cake to the store because it weighs less than a pound!



Do you suffer from iron deficiency anemia? Do you have tired blood? If your answer is yes... it could be due to the fact that Dracula is all over town lately. The old no account, Count has returned in plays, movies and TV dramas with a fatal attraction for a whole new generation. Everyone is going batty over the lusty old vampire. And if this fascination with the not so dear departed continues, CRACKED predicts that Dracula will be draining even more profits from the cultural scene. Where will it all lead us to? You'll soon find out as

CRACKED PUTS THE BITE ON DRACULA

With TV writers always looking for new blood for the boob, we might one day see a Dracula-inspired situation comedy—ALL IN THE BELFRY.



And also on the horizon are vampire-inspired comedians.

Who was
that lady
I saw you
with last
night?

That was
no lady—
that was
my late wife!

Why does a
vampire
cross
the road?

He doesn't. No
self-respecting
vampire would go
near anything
with a cross!

A vampire was walking down
the street. A bum walked up to him and
said, "Can I have a dime? I haven't
had a bite all day." So the vampire bit
him—and bit him—and bit him...

DIAL-A
CROAK

And let's not overlook these vampire-inspired albums that may soon be flying up the charts.

Linda Ronstdead



"It May Be
Blue Bayou,
But It's Red
By Me."

Including
the hit songs,
"I Don't Want To
Stalk Without
You, Baby."
and
"Love In Vein."



THE UNGRATEFUL DEAD featuring
"Three Cheers
For The Dead," "I Love You A Bushel
White And Blue" Also featuring,
"Nobody Bites It Better"
(From "The Spy Who Bit Me")
And A Neck"

The lyrics or the words!
CRACKED is asking a songwriter which he writes first . . .

SATURDAY FLIGHT FEVER



Featuring the hit song that
took Transylvania by storm,
"Flight Fever"
by the Bat Gees.

Also includes:

**"How Deep
Is Your Blood"**

**"Stayin' Alive"
(after you're dead)**



Deathrow Tull

"Till The Night Comes"
"Fangs For The Memory"
"Ghoul Of My Dreams"
"Once Too Coffin"

And these famous vampire sayings will soon be sweeping the nation.

"There's a sucker
born every minute!"



"I'd rather bite
than be President!"



"Blood is thicker
than Coca-Cola!"

Are you kidding?
There are no vampires.

Watch it, kid.
I'm the real thing.





And finally, with vampires and vampilettes very much in Vogue (also in Red Book and Harper's Bizarre,) it won't be long before everyone will want to get into the act. How? Just remember these three things.



Well, summer is back with us again and the odds of you turning nice and brown are probably tan to one. It's also the time of year when people get together and eat outside and do all the off-the-wall things you'll

A CRACKED LOOK AT A



Of course, summer is more than just Coppertone and the beach.
Find them doing here, as we take

BACKYARD BARBECUE

That Joey
is such a kidder—
even while
playing
volleyball.

Uncle Henry
brushing off
plate before
tossing it?

Force of habit—
it's an umpire!

Tell me, Melinda,
what do you plan
to do when you get
to be as big as
your mother?

How long has
your father
been working
for my father?

Ever since
he threatened
to fire him!

Diet!

ERR!

DAVID

NOV.

ROVER

WALTER

MICHAEL

Why are you
chasing Rover
and Walter all
over the yard,
Michael?

So we can have
some hot dogs
with dinner.

What's
he
doing?
Serving
the
ball!

READY

CRACKER

You've never
been to one
of Harold's
barbecues
before??!!

No, I was
sick the last
two times.

Oh, then you
have been
to one!

And pollution—
it costs
taxpayers
millions
each year.

Well, it just
goes to prove—
grime doesn't pay!

Did you hear
what they awarded
the Inventor of
the door knocker?

Wasn't
it the
no bell
prize?

Oh my gosh!
What's that
fly doing
in the
salad?

Committing suicide
if you ask me!

Your parents
have had the
pool for 16
years!—Why
don't they
trade it in?

Because dad
believes that
there's no pool
like an old pool!

Billy, where's your
little brother?...
Is he OK? I don't
see him!...He
can't swim!

Why are you
planting
that dollar
bill?

I wanna
see my
money
grow.

Relax ma.
I got him—
right here
by the hand!



**First came super rats who developed an immunity to poisons.
And one day other unwanted pests could develop similar
defense mechanisms. Up until now man kind has been winning
the war against pests, but all this may soon change when...**

VER

SINCE THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION,
MOUSE TRAPS HAVE BEEN CLOBBERING
MICE.



Warren Satter

SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, MEN HAVE
BEEN SLAPPING MOSQUITOES.



TO GET RID OF TERMITES, MODERN
MAN FUMIGATES.



BY THE YEAR 2000, MICE MIGHT DE-
VELOP AN EXTRA LAYER OF BONE ON
THEIR HEADS SIMILAR TO TURTLE
SHELLS...



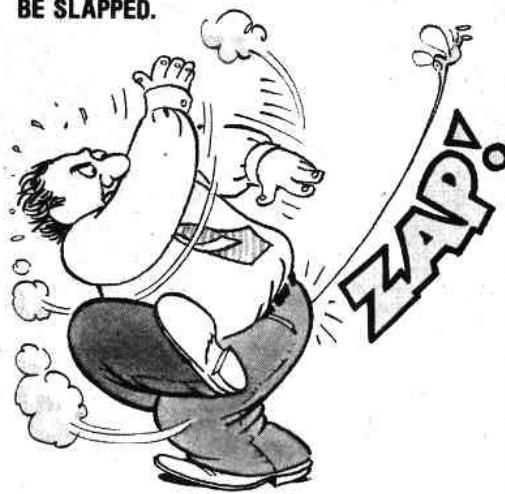
...THAT WAY WHEN A MOUSE TRAP
CLOBBERS THEM, THEY WON'T FEEL A
THING.



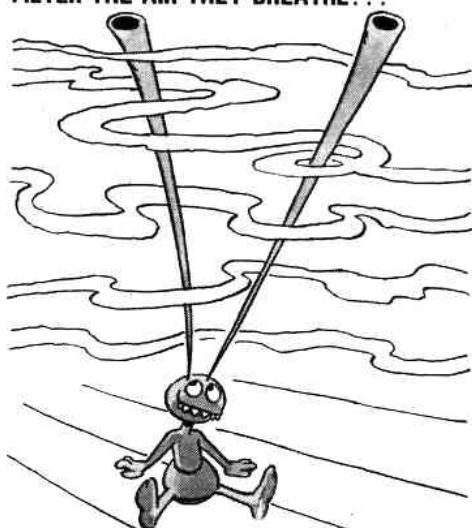
FUTURE MOSQUITOES WILL PROBABLY
DEVELOP EXTRA LONG FLEXIBLE
SNOUTS...



... ALLOWING THEM TO BITE PEOPLE
WITHOUT GETTING CLOSE ENOUGH TO
BE SLAPPED.



BUT SOMEDAY, TERMITES MIGHT DE-
VELOP HOLLOW ANTENNAS ON THEIR
HEADS, LIKE SNORKELS, WHICH WILL
FILTER THE AIR THEY BREATHE...

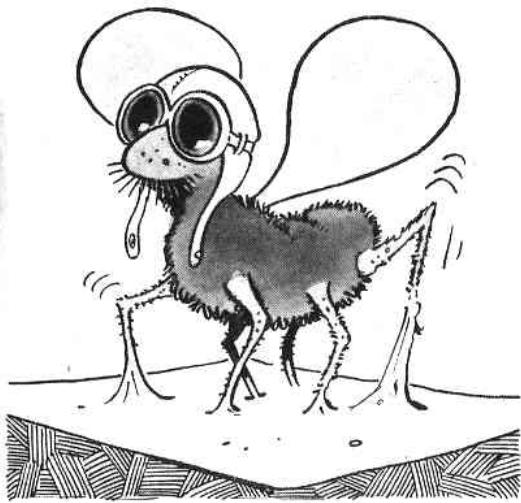


... THEN FUMIGATION WILL NO LONG-
ER BE EFFECTIVE.



MIN FIGHT BACK

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, FLIES HAVE BEEN GETTING STUCK ON FLY-PAPER.



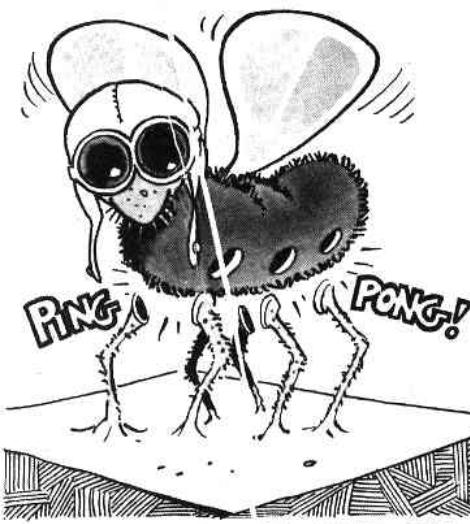
FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN STEPPING ON ANTS ACCIDENTALLY AND SQUASHING THEM.



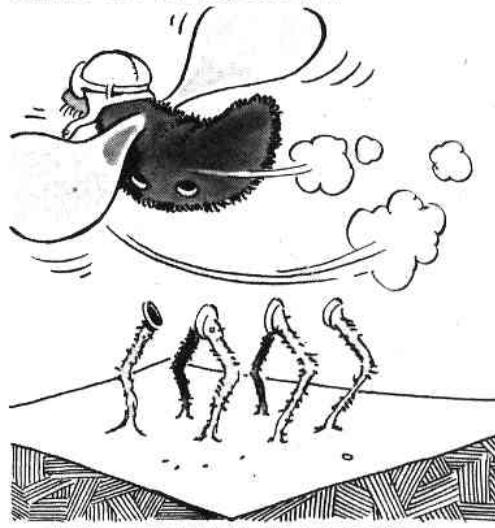
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SWATTING MOTHS FOR CENTURIES.



HOWEVER, IN THE NEAR FUTURE, FLIES MAY DEVELOP DETACHABLE LANDING GEAR THAT GROW BACK...



...THEN, WHEN CAUGHT, THEY'LL SIMPLY LIFT OFF AND ESCAPE.



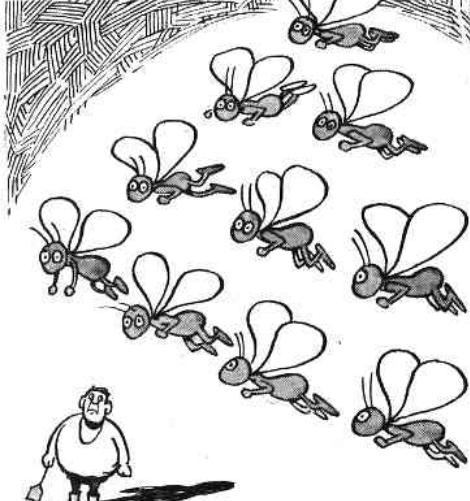
MODERN ANTS WILL HAVE THE STRENGTH TO LIFT OBJECTS MANY TIMES THEIR OWN WEIGHT AND SIZE. OVER MANY GENERATIONS, FUTURE ANTS MAY CONTINUE TO INCREASE IN SIZE...



...UNTIL THEY HAVE THE STRENGTH TO SUPPORT THE WEIGHT OF HUMAN BEINGS STANDING ON THEIR BACKS.



BUT MOTHS OF THE SPACE-AGE GENERATION COULD LEARN TO FLY IN FORMATION AND USE EVASIVE TACTICS LIKE FIGHTER PILOTS...



...MAKING SWATTING PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.



THE CRACKED BOOKSTORE

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NEW SELECTIONS!

WHILE THEY LAST!

ORDER NOW!
CHAOS LATER!



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NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

Please send
me the Annuals
I have checked
Enclosed is

which includes
the total price
of my selections
PLUS 40¢ mailing
and handling
charge for each
selection.

GIANT CRACKED #9 . . . 75¢
GIANT CRACKED #12 . . . \$1.00
GIANT CRACKED (JANUARY 1978) . . . \$1.00
GIANT CRACKED (MARCH 1978) . . . \$1.00
GIANT CRACKED (MAY 1978) . . . \$1.00
KING-SIZED CRACKED #10 . . . \$1.00
KING-SIZED CRACKED #11 . . . \$1.00
SUPER CRACKED #9 . . . \$1.00
SUPER CRACKED #10 . . . \$1.00
BIGGEST GREATEST CRACKED #11 . . . \$1.00
BIGGEST GREATEST CRACKED #12 . . . \$1.00
EXTRA SPECIAL CRACKED #1 . . . \$1.00
EXTRA SPECIAL CRACKED #2 . . . \$1.00
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THOSE GREAT OLD MOVIES . . . 50¢
MORE FROM THE CRACKED TV SCREEN . . . 50¢
FAMOUS DISASTER MOVIES . . . 50¢
CRACKED'S BIG PICTURES . . . 50¢
CRACKED GOES TO THE MOVIES . . . 60¢
CRACKED VISITS OUTER SPACE . . . 60¢

NAME

ADDRESS

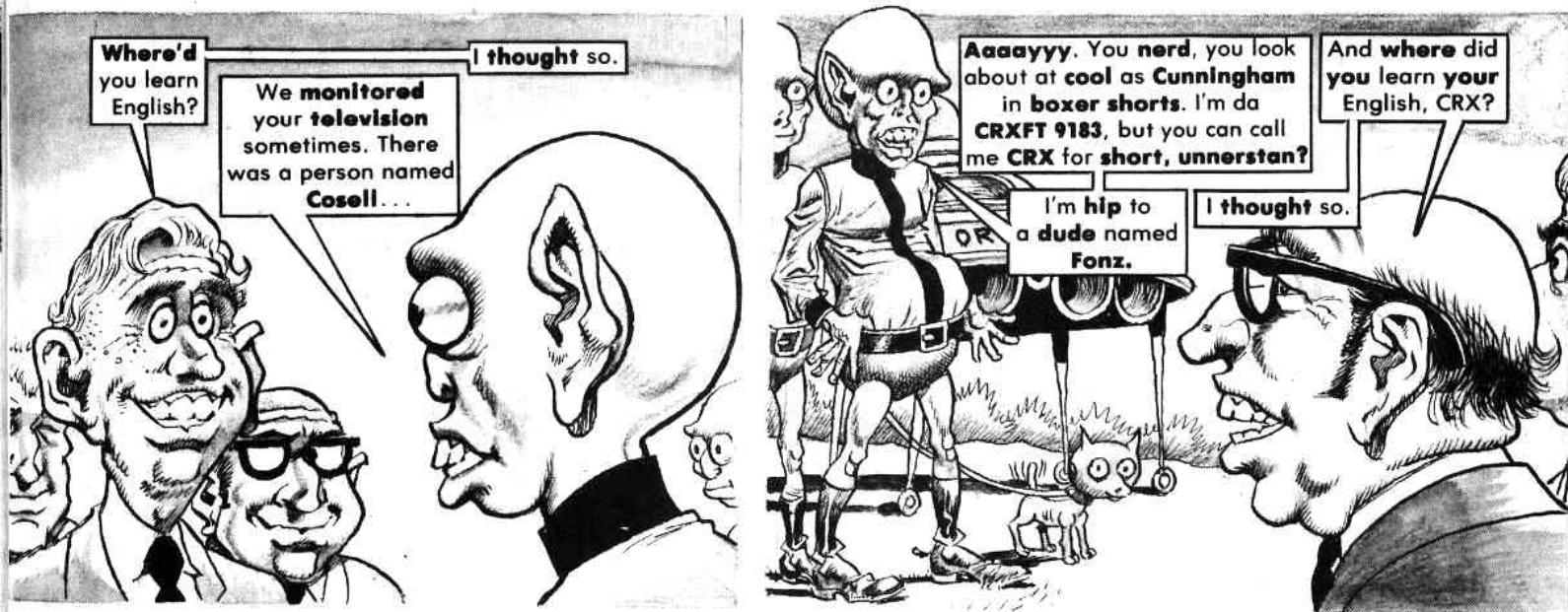
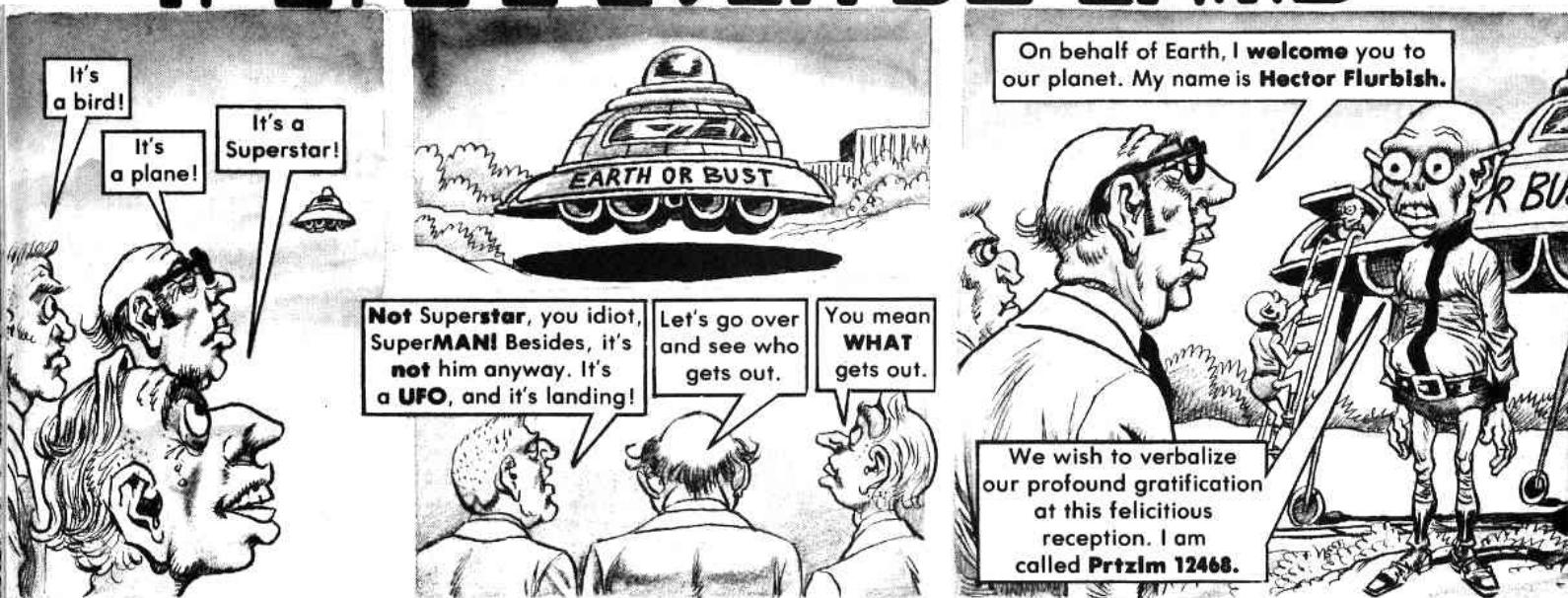
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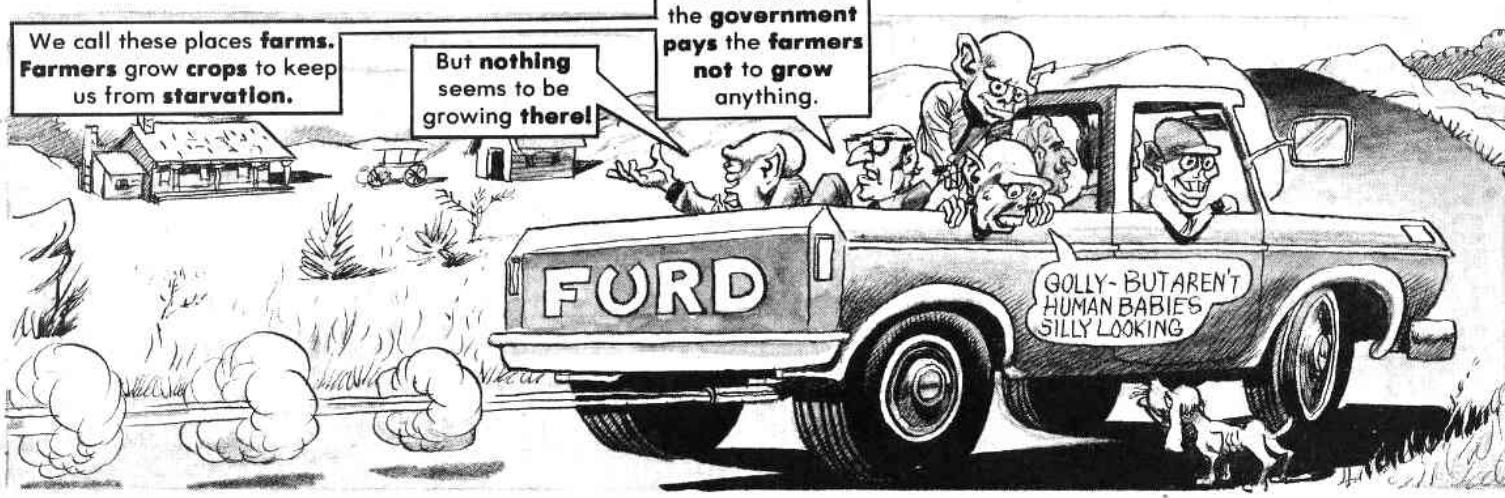


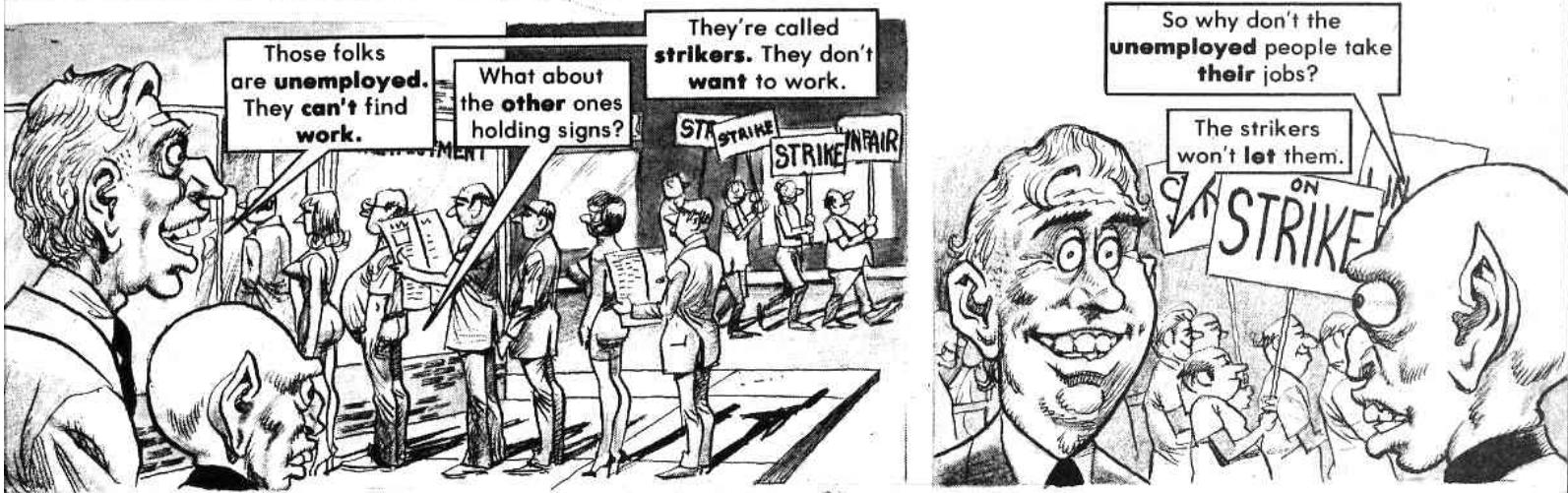
REMEMBER—Add 40¢ mailing and handling charge for EACH selection you have made.

Lots of people claim they've seen UFO's, but so far there isn't any "hard" evidence that those strange craft have landed anywhere. But that doesn't mean they won't...some day. If it happens, what will our visitors from outer space think of us? Here's what might actually take place

IF UFO'S EVER DO LAND







A MODERN PARENT VS. A TRADITIONAL PARENT

MODERN

FOOD

What would you like for dinner?...**Chicken?**...Or if you don't want chicken, **Mummy** could **run out** and get you a **pizza**...or maybe...



TRADITIONAL

Chicken!... Blah... I'm **not** in the mood **for** chicken! Does **this** put you more in the mood **for** it?



PETS



DRESS

Like my outfit,
Hether?

It's really **with-it** mom—but do you think it's the **right thing** to **wear** to Kenny's confirmation?

Wheez S. Miller

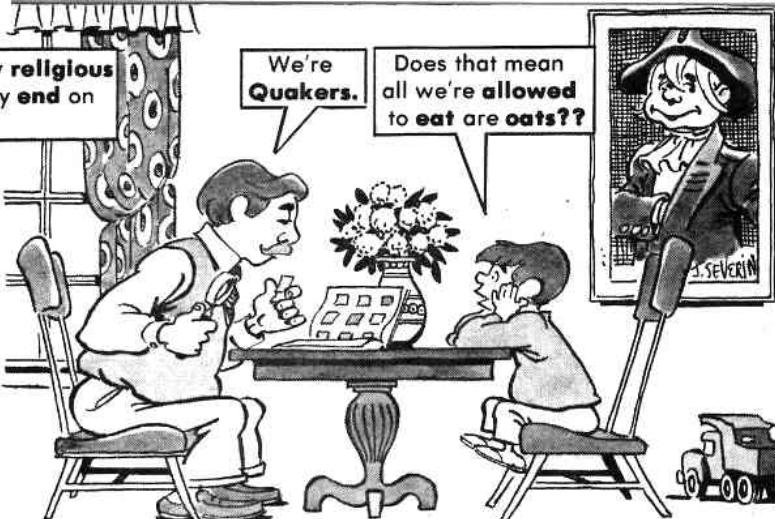
Do you think it's too daring for the party?

RELIGION

What are we? Well, we're **members** of a tiny religious sect who believe that the earth will probably end on **Tuesday**.

We're **Quakers**.

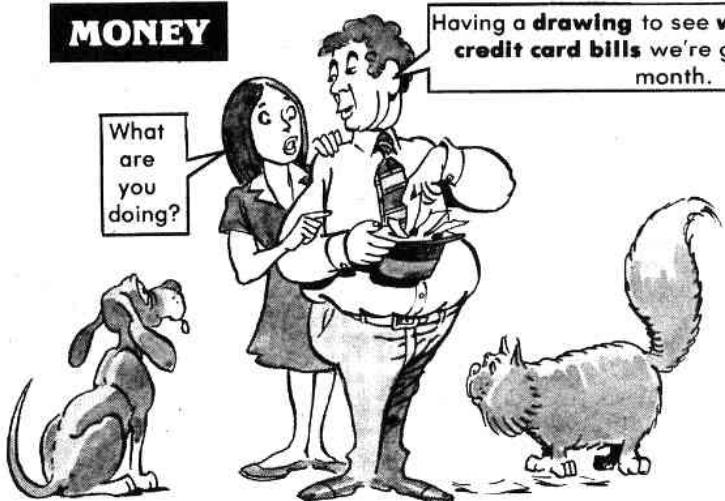
Does that mean all we're **allowed** to eat are oats??



MONEY

Having a drawing to see which 3 of our 22 credit card bills we're gonna pay this month.

What are you doing?



MEDICINE

Harry! I feel a tinge in my head... Quick! Quick! Give me something for a tinge... and... ooh! Something for a ping in my stomach too... Quick!

Can I get you something for that pain?

It's not that (ugh) bad (ooh) dear. Wait until it's **absolutely** (ugh) necessary.



FURNITURE

Mommy, do we gotta have this plastic on the couches?

Why not?

You wanna spill something and spoil the plastic covers?



MARRIAGE

I just wanna thank all of you for coming to my 10th wedding anniversary. Throughout the years, I've had 9 wonderful husbands and I'm hoping that with this, the anniversary of my 10th, maybe we can make a go of it and last even a whole month!



Happy 23rd Anniversary!!
Are you surprised?

I'll say—it's not until next month.



POLITICS

Are we Democrats or Republicans, Dad?

Well son, last week we were **liberal Republicans**. At the beginning of this week we were **conservative Democrats** and, tonight, We're **moderate Confederates**. You see son, you gotta stick to what you believe in.

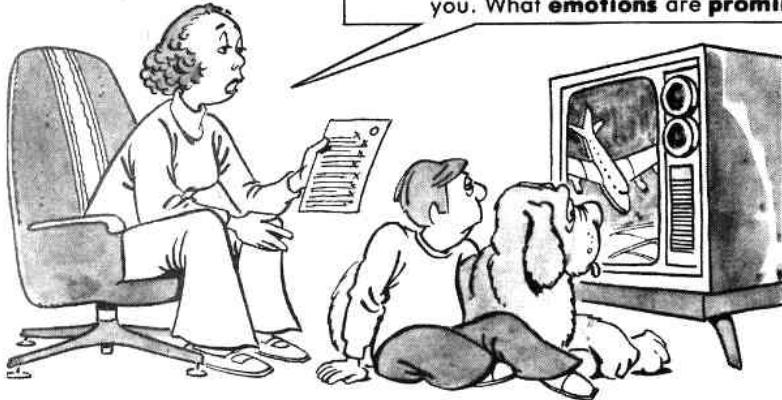


Gimmie that, you little traitor. My father was a **Democrat**, I'm a **democrat** and you're gonna be a **Democrat**, Frankie, whether you like it or not!



SCHOOLING

Why, Zorro! You got a zero on this test. Wanna talk about it?... Wanna describe to me what's going on Inside you. What emotions are prominent in your...

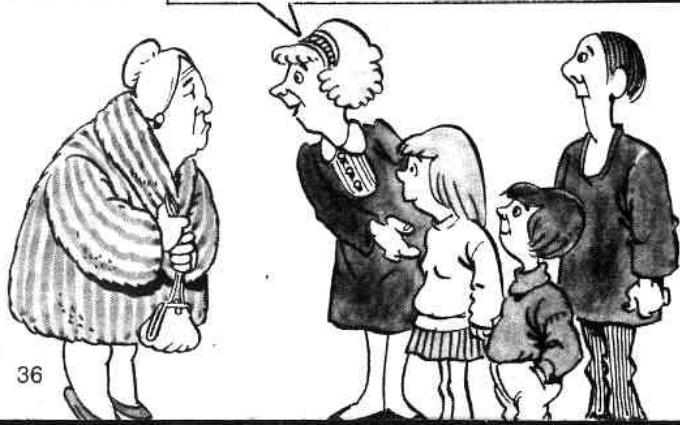


NAMES

And this is my daughter Joellen and my sons, Bollini and Timb...with a 'b'.

What did you name him?

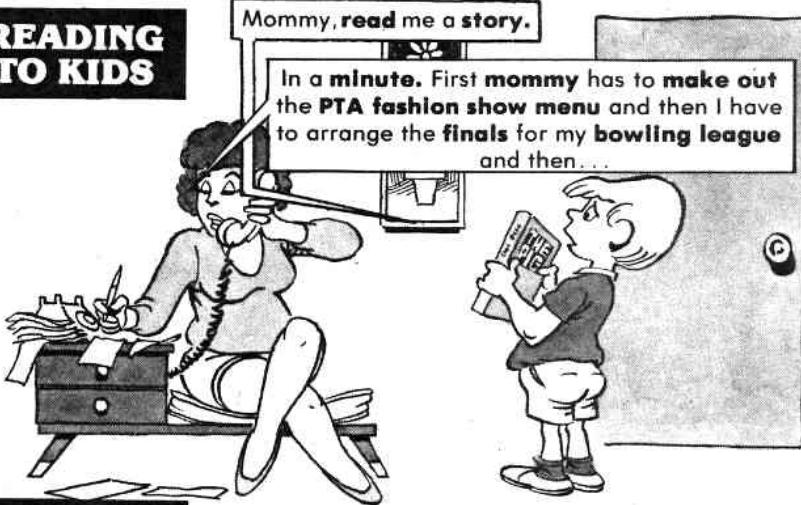
Frank Jr.—like his father.



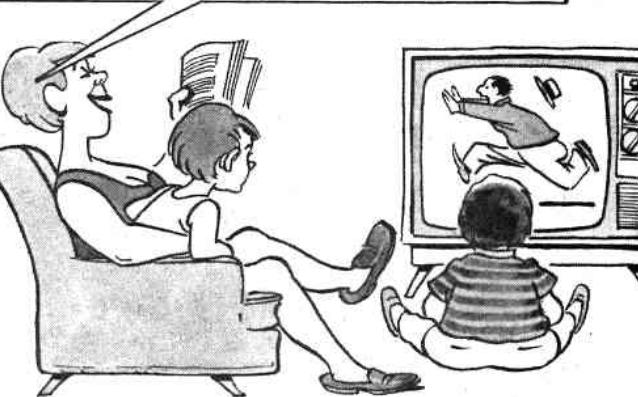
But aren't your other two boys also named Frank?



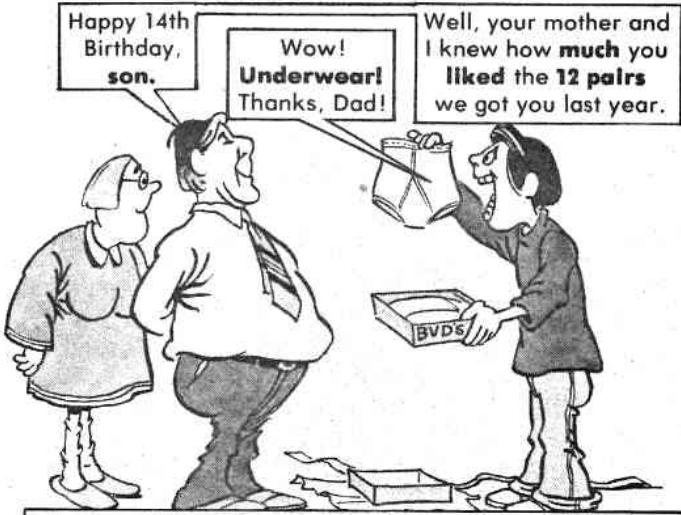
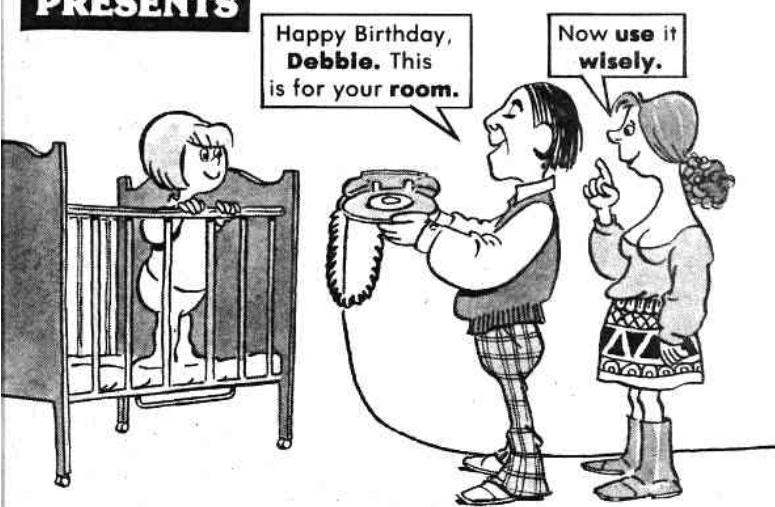
READING TO KIDS



And the wolf said to the gingerbread man, "You can run, you can run, as fast as you can, but I'll..."



PRESENTS



HOLIDAYS



There's a chair empty! Why isn't Frankie Jr. here with the rest of the family for our holiday dinner?

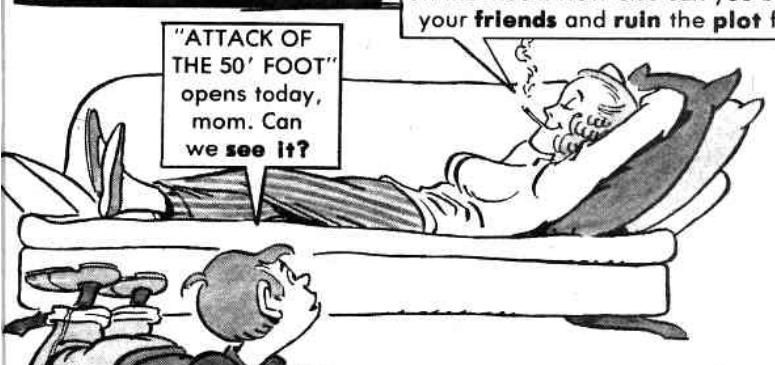
He's in the army, Dad.

I don't care. He should have pleaded for a furlough to be with his family for the holidays.

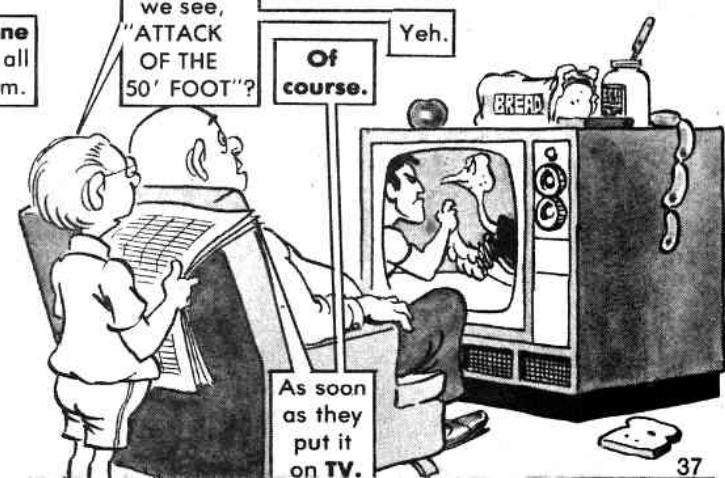
But Dad—it's only Ground Hog's Day.



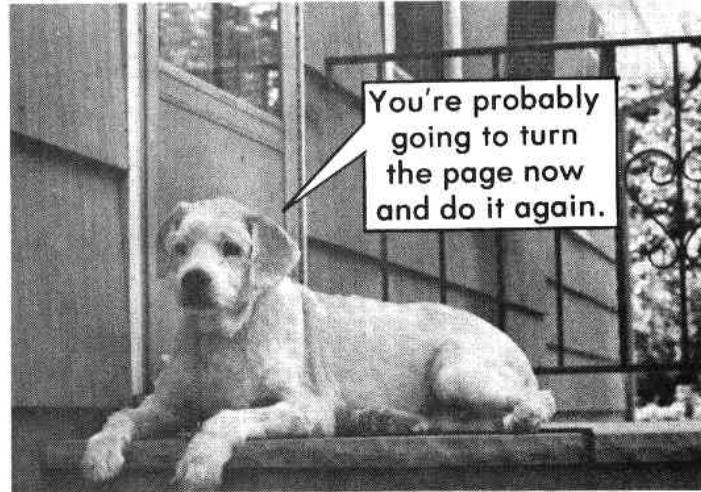
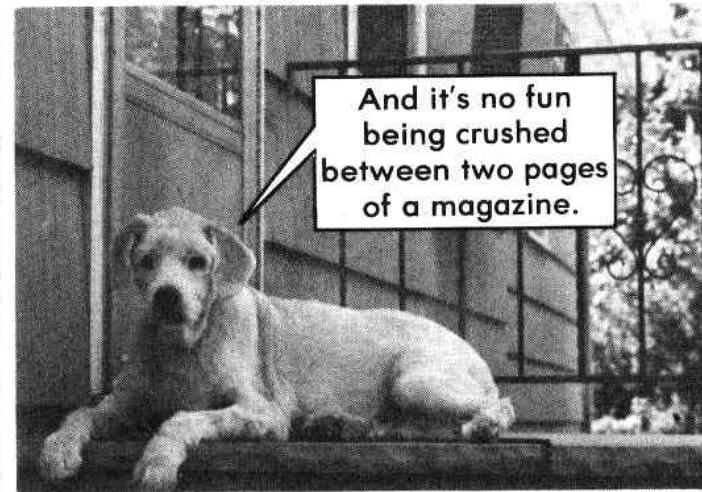
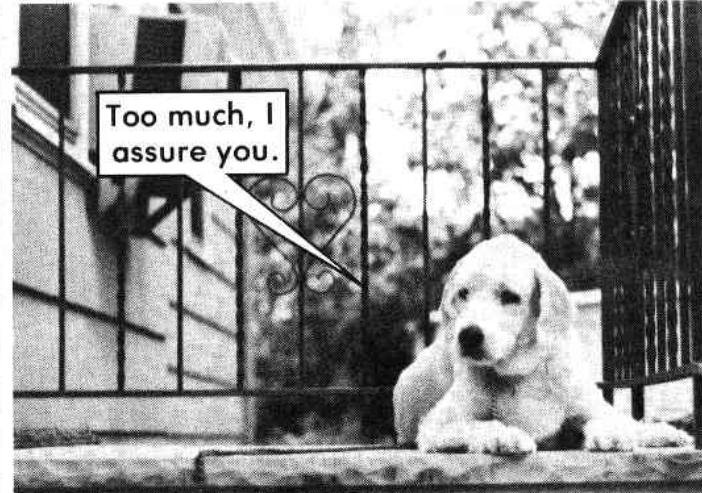
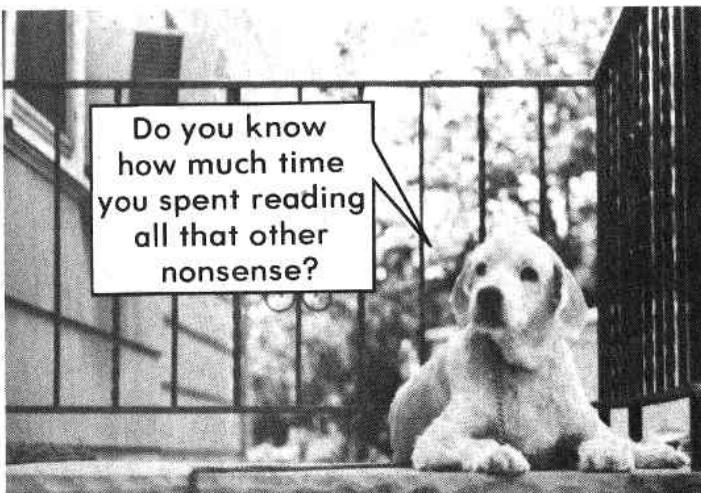
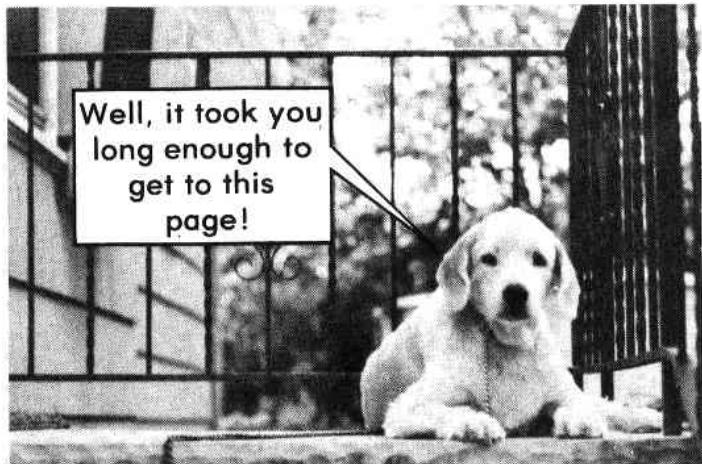
ENTERTAINMENT



Of course! You've got to be the first one on the block. How else can you brag to all your friends and ruin the plot for them.



A DOG'S DAY AFTERNOON



A resort where robots catered to the fantasies of vacationing guests was the theme of a popular movie called "Westworld." A few years later, the same idea burst upon the television scene. In television's ever-undying quest for original material, the people in the Industry thought this was a uniquely inspired move. (These were the people in the fishing line, tackle & hook industries.) After all, the big difference in the television version was that the robots were eliminated, and the remaining parts to be played were filled in by run-of-the-mill TV actors. Given the acting ability of most of these performers, however, this difference could hardly be noticed in...

FUNNIEST ISLAND

The playeen!
The play-eene!

Not "playeen"
Tartar...
planet!

M-Mr. Rogue, after this v-visit, I hope
I'll be **charming, self-assured** and
suave... in other words, I hope I'll be
just like you!

Make up your mind,
Meester Spineless... you
cannot be **both**.

What a
funny
accent
you have,
my leetle
friend!

I
thought
you were
ze one
with ze
funny
accent,
Boss!

That ees enough.
Tartar... our first
guest has
arrived. Doze
the name **Meek**
Spineless mean
anytheeng to
you?

I
nevair
heard
of heem
before!

And well that you haven't because
he ees a **nobody**! A leettle meelk-
sop of a weakling who has been
peeked on all his life! Ever seenz
he can remember—actually, ever
seenz he saw "Rocky"—he has
weeshed to be the **greatest boxer**
in the **world**! Eef we can satisfy his
deezire, Tartar, not only weel we
have made heem very happy, we
will have performed a major
meeracle!

BERT, I DON'T
KNOW HOW
YOU TALKED
ME INTO
THIS
FANTASY!

Have
you met
Tartar?

A pleasure...
OWWW! Watch
m-my hand, you
brute you!

I'm so sorry, Meester Spineless... my
leetle friend doesn't know his own
strength! Please enjoy your sta—
YEEOWW! My **hand**! I've never felt
such power!

R-reawllly? Oh, my!

SEVERIN

Clevair, Boss! You made heem theenk he ees not such a weakling when you faked your hand being hurt.

What faked? My hand is totally squeezed! Ohh, that smarts!

Ah, eet ees the well-known feminist, **Gloria Staynumb!** We are glad to have you on Fonniest Island, Miss Staynumb!

I see...Mrs. Staynumb!

Miss? How do you know I'm not married?

No, no, not Mrs. Staynumb either! Is this fair? When you address a **man**, do you distinguish whether he is married or not?

IF I KISS YOU, WILL YOU REALLY TURN INTO A HAND-SOME PRINCE?

REEBIT!

Please forgeeve ze boss, Ms. Staynumb! Living **a-way from normal life** on zis island, he does get behind ze times a bit!

THOK!

You are such a pretty lady... I wish your fantasy was "Snow White and ze Dwarf!"

Don't you mean "Snow White and the **Seven Dwarfs**?"

Who needs ze other six? Eet weel be just **you and me**, babee!

Forgeeve Tartar, Meez Staynumb... he ees only doing the "cute lady-killer" bit that our viewers love!

And you said your **boss** was behind the times? Don't you know it's not "dwarf" or "midget" anymore, buster? The fashionable term today is "little people!"

"Leetle people?" Eef he ees a "leetle person", what am I?

A big, stupid, dopey and chauvinistic person!

VOTE
LOOK! SKY-WRITING!
"Robiness Hood!"
As we agreed, my fantasy is to go back to the days of Sherwood Forest—in the times when **men** were almost **totally in control!** I want to be sort of an "avenger", giving the women of those times **hope** and showing the men that women could be more than their equals! Leading a band of outlaw women, I will naturally be known as...

Why must you add "ess" to make something female? Besides, "Robin" is a **feminine name**!

GEORGE, YOU COME DOWN OUT OF THAT TREE AND PUT THIS ON!!

Of course... I meant "Robin Hoodess"

I'm glad you're finally treating her as an **equal**, Boss! When she hit you, you did ze same theeng you would have done if a **MAN** hit you... mainly, **take your punishment and not fight back!**

Shut up, you leetle runt!

CRACKED is taking a rope to school because you want it to be taught!

Can I really beat up anyone I want, and can you arrange for a real boxer to fight me this evening?

Yes, but beware, Meester Spineless... What truly counts is not the amount of strength a person has, but his personaleety, his deesposition...

Oh, dear, perhaps I've made a mistake Mr. Rogue. Please make a change...

Ah, you have reealized the folly of your deezire?

No, just change the fight to this afternoon! I can't wait to (hee hee) pulverize this poor brute!

We must rescue a member of our band—she's scheduled to be hanged at 2:05 by the Sheriff of Nothing-dom!

We should be very, very careful, or else the Sheriff might capture us too! At 2 o'clock, 5 minutes before the hanging, everyone will meet at the Central Park Zoo.

Central Park Zoo? Isn't that 5,500 miles away in New York City?

I told you, we have to be very careful!

NEXT TIME I GO ON VACATION, I PICK DISNEYLAND!

Uh... that's a good start! Just remember, aim a little HIGHER next time!

TWONK

You must be Robin Hood. We're your band of "Weary Women"! I'm Friar Toots, this is Little Joan and at the end there is your loving sweetheart—think of him as the counterpart of "Maid Marion"!

But that's a butler!

You rang, mawdam?

In order to save her, you must split the rope with an arrow.

W-what? I never used a bow and arrow before.

Don't worry, you're on Funniest Island! Mr. Rogue knows you're playing Robin Hood, and he's arranged for you to be the favorite marksman in these parts.

Is that a fact?

Well, truthfully, my favorite is Groucho, and Little Joan here feels Harpo's the best!

Mr. Rogue, I'm just having a ball, playing Robin Hood and I'm planning on coming to Funniest Island on my next vacation, with a brand new fantasy!

Fine! Remember, anytheeng is possible on Fonniest Island, where your wildest dreams come true!

I wanna be World Ruler, with two billion slaves ready to heed my every bidding!

ARENA

Like I was saying, almost anytheeng is possible on Fonniest Island!

MY FANTASY IS TO BE A CHILD PRODIGY!

Please don't bite your nails so much, Meester Spineless. How would we give your stomach a manicure? Don't worry, I'm certain you can lick heem with only one hand!

Most assuredly! But first, you must ask heem if he ees weeling to **fight** you with only one hand!

I - I... I can?

Mr. Rogue... I was just w-wondering... how did you round up this huge audience?

You forget, Meester Spineless... you are not the only one on this island with a fantasy! You won't believe how many people pay good vacation money to have their fantasies of being a **boxing spectator** finally come true!

Oh dear! What in incredible **coincidence** to have **thousands** of these people at one time!

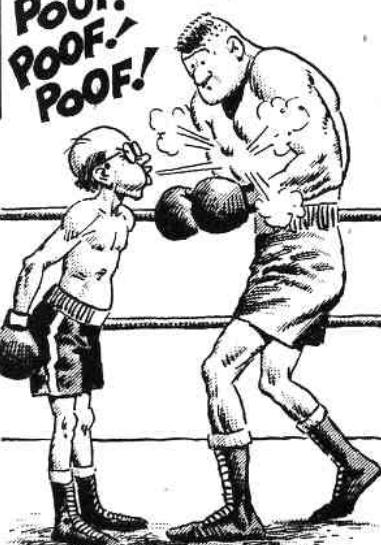
Actually, all except 4 are hired through the **Screen Extras Guild!** Weeth those **union wages** to deal weeth, how my island continues to **exist** only my accountant knows!

BLOWN!

Oh dear! T-there's the b-bell! Perhaps we should settle this f-fight in the letters page of **The News!**

No, Meester Spineless! Remember, you **cannot lose!** Just geeve him **blow after blow!**

POOF!
POOF!
POOF!



I... I thought you said I couldn't lose!

In your best eenterest, I had to geeve you a **meestruth!** Perhaps now you weel realize your fantasy was best left **unfulfeeled**. You see, Meester Spineless, I wanted to **show** you your brains are all that matters. As long as you are able to **theenk**, you musn't feel a need to beat up **anybody!**

But I do feel a need to beat up somebody... **YOU**, you execrable fraud!!

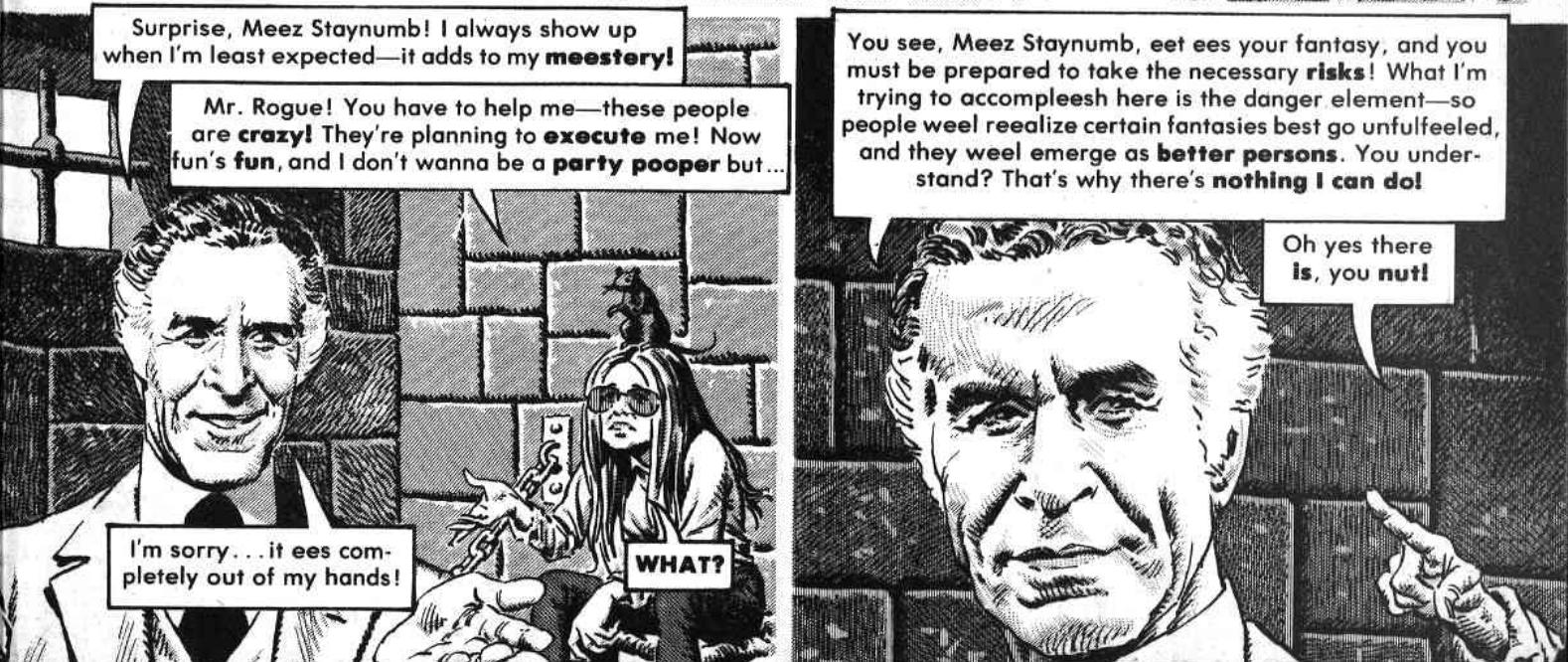
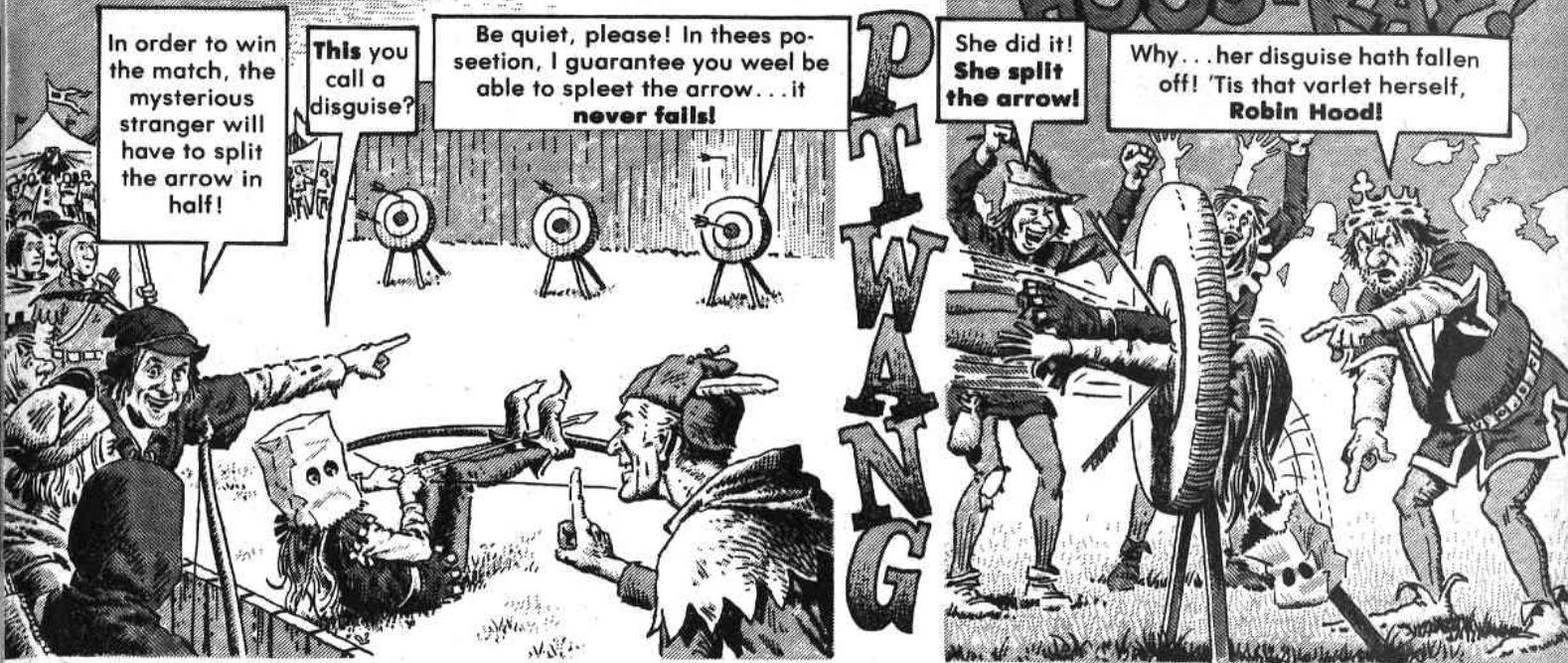


Mr. Rogue, I demand my money back!

Oh no! Not you too!

You've failed to live up to your part in my fantasy! As Robin Hood, I'm supposed to compete in the King's **private archery match**... but I can't hit anything.





BACK! BACK!
Or the Boss
gets it!

(Gasp) Do as she says... thees
woman has a **strong head**
...and (choke), an arm to
match!

Well, Tartar, another **day**, another **refund**!

I weesh I could be like you, Boss! Debonair, yet
ruthless! Setting ze rules on Funniest Island and
changing zem as only you can please!

All too true, Tartar, You have **every right** to be jealous of one
all-knowing and all-powerful. We may not agree on a lot, but
that's one thing we see **eye to eye** on!

More like **eye to kneel**

Mr. Rogue, is it possible
to have another fantasy?

Remember—you pay in advance,
what you can **afford!** How much
can you afford?

I want to know what it is
to be a **millionaire**.

That can be arranged... we can
provide the ideal setting, sur-
round you weeth all sorts of
extravagant...

Tartar, thees ees the end! We're
cleaned out, Fonniest Island is **feen-**
ished! Oh, I'd give **anytheeng** to be
able to stay!

Don't worry, Boss! My life's
savings can take care of our debt!
But in ordair for you
to have zis money, you must
grant me **my fantasy**!

\$1.39!

ROGUE



Eet ees a **deal**!

Well, what do you suggest?



Give me a million dollars!

Anytheeng, just **name** it, Tar-
tar, my wonderful leetle friend!



The plane!
The pl-a-ane!

Not plane, Rogue,
you little idiot
...playeen!

Yes, Boss!
Sorry, Boss!



TH'END

Greetings! This is Nancy Dickering welcoming you to the last few pages of **CRACKED** where this month I'll be poking into something everyone has, but nobody wants—except the man you're about to meet when

CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE GARBAGE KING



Standing next to me is my guest for today—Mr. Randy Refuse. Good afternoon, sir.

O.K. Get it out of your system, honey. Ask me if business is picking up.

But...

Or if we get to keep everything we collect.

Mr. Refuse, I'm not here to make jokes.

But you said you were from CRACKED.

True. However, this is the part of our magazine where we ferret out corruption... expose incompetence...

Really, I'm...

Go on! You're just here to make fun of me and my garbage!

UGLY OLD BIRD... AINT SHE?

I'LL GET MY HUSBAND FOR THIS! I'LL GET HIM!

RANDY
REFUSE
SANITATION CORP

DUMP
HERE
TODAY

A BIRD OF PARADISE, SHE AIN'T

What'd you do that for?

To prove to you that this is nothing more than a hard hitting interview.



So, tell me sir,
why is there
so much **garbage**
in the world
today?

Well, one reason
is because
things are so
overpackaged.



For example, here's a typical **MacDaniels** lunch for one. You've got a **wrapper** around the burger which is placed in a **box**, a **container** for the fries, a **cup**, a **lid**, a **straw—paper around the straw**, a **napkin**, a **placemat**... all of which is split up into **two bags**!!

Amazing. All that
for **one person**??

And that's discounting the
biggest garbage of all.

What's that?
The food!



Before you hinted at a **second**
reason for so much rubbish.
What would **that** be?

The lack of **pride** that
people take in making
things.

Look at the **stuff** we find on
people's curbs. Over there—a
2-year-old T.V.

No, I think
it's a **Zenith**.

That's a **sin**.

GEN! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

WHY
DOESN'T ANYONE
EVER THROW
CRACKED
AWAY?

Well, one day I was **walking**
down a road when I spotted an
ice cream stick. And I said to
myself, "Self, that doesn't
belong there." So I picked it up
and a man watching, **rewarded**
me with 3¢.

How did you
get into
garbage?

Well, I was born of **poor parents**—out
of work—no money. We lived in a
cardboard box behind a **bus station**.

Must have
been terrible
when it rained.

It was. The **house**
got all soggy.



Well, several weeks later I saw an orange pit, picked that up and another man rewarded me. Months later I figured, why not do it as a living? So, I bought a truck and before I knew it, I owned 750,000 and the business you see here today.

Yeah, that's what I thought when the PR department brought it to me.

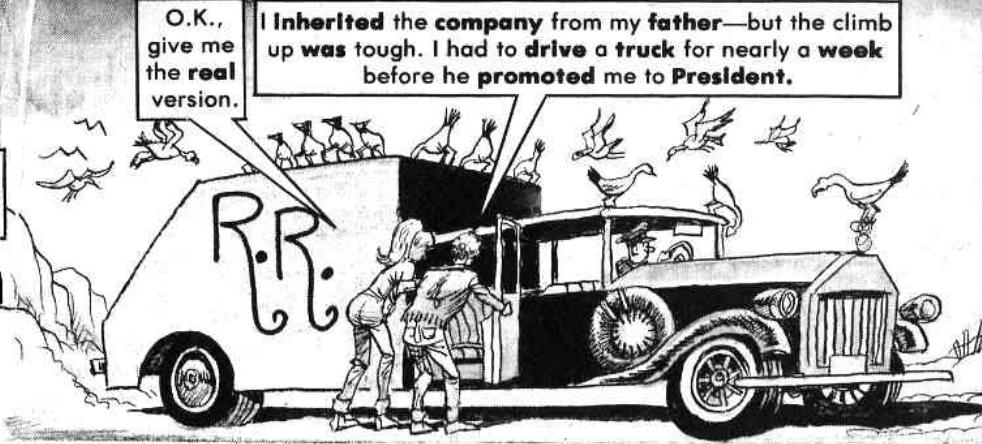
You mean it isn't true???

Ah...NO!

That's an Incredible story!

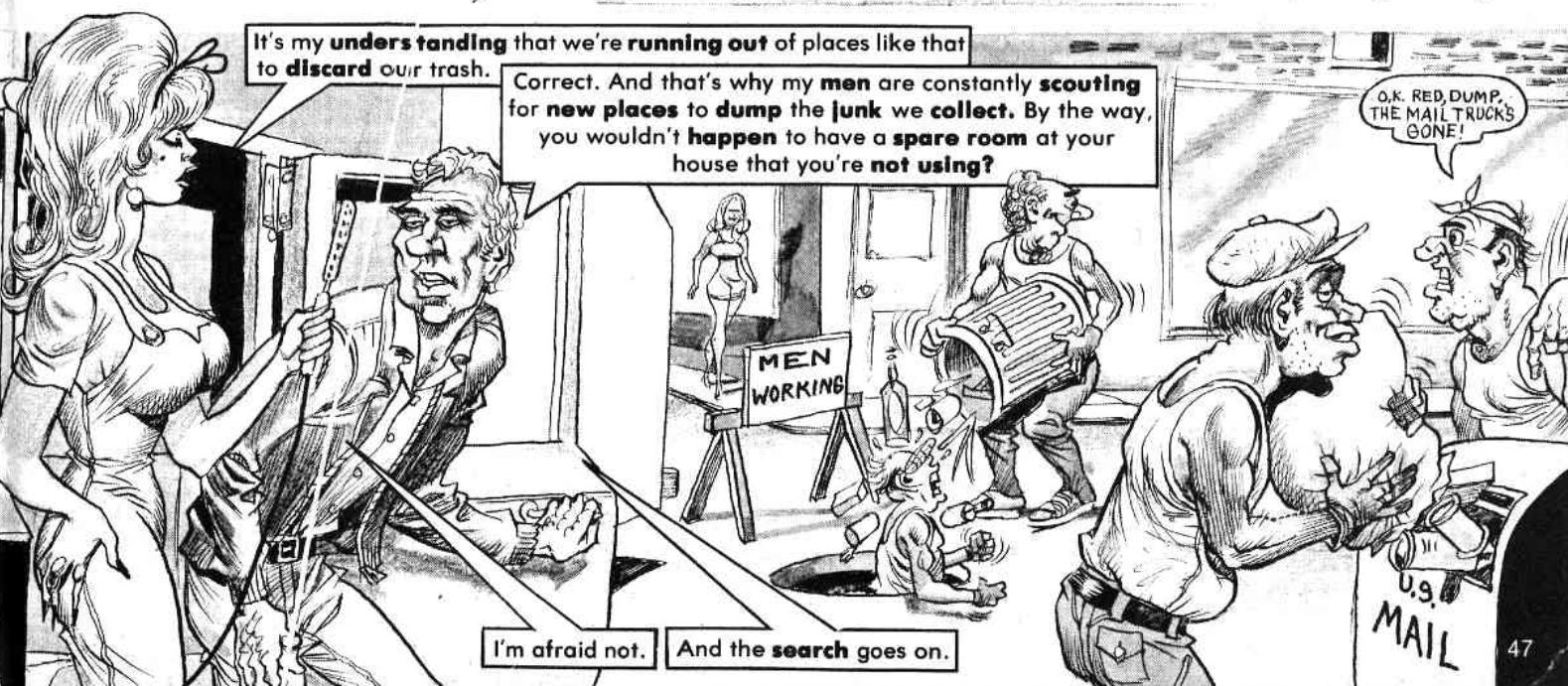
O.K., give me the real version.

I Inherited the company from my father—but the climb up was tough. I had to drive a truck for nearly a week before he promoted me to President.



Can you explain to my readers just how your business works?

Certainly. For a small fee charged to a city or private individual, my men go in and do a thorough job of picking up anything left on your curb.



Which brings us to an interesting question. What do we do, Mr. Refuse, once we run out of landfill sites.

Well, over at RRG!... What's that?

The Randy Refuse Garbage Institute—there we're developing new uses for the stuff.



Dally, we're experimenting with turning garbage into fuel.

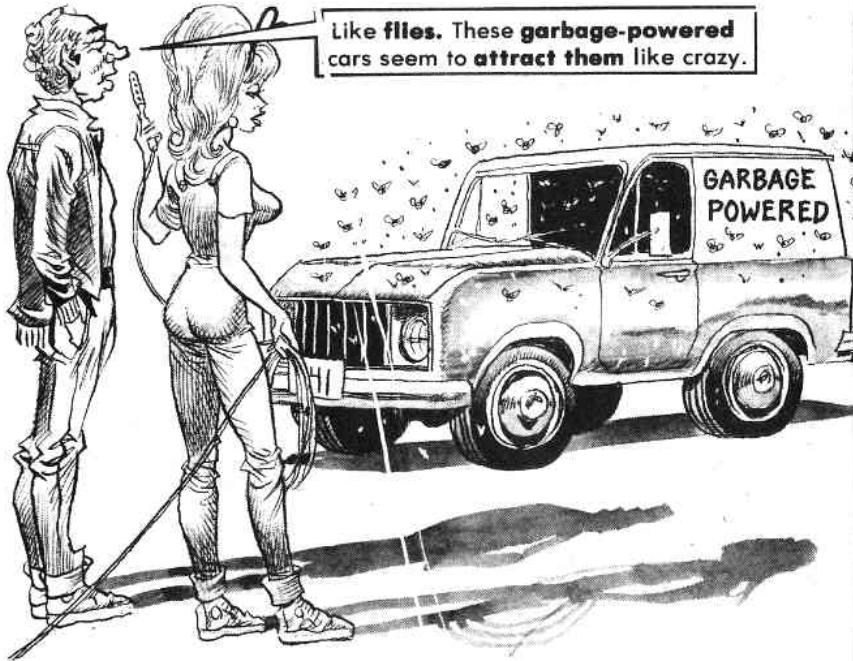
You mean one day I might throw my trash into my tank?!!

Precisely. Right now, however, we're having a few problems.

Like?



Like flies. These garbage-powered cars seem to attract them like crazy.



Which fuel do you think will get better mileage—the low lead I'm using now or your experimental high test?

Your gas is as good as mine!



Now over here, we're attempting to convert trash into an edible substance that teenagers should love.

Why's that? It's real junk food!





Well, aside from nearly being **beaten to a pulp** by a **250 lb.** hockey player, it's been a **fascinating** afternoon Mr. Refuse, and I guess that's about it.

Thank you for coming, Nanny—oh, let me throw
that **gum wrapper** away for you.

How kind.



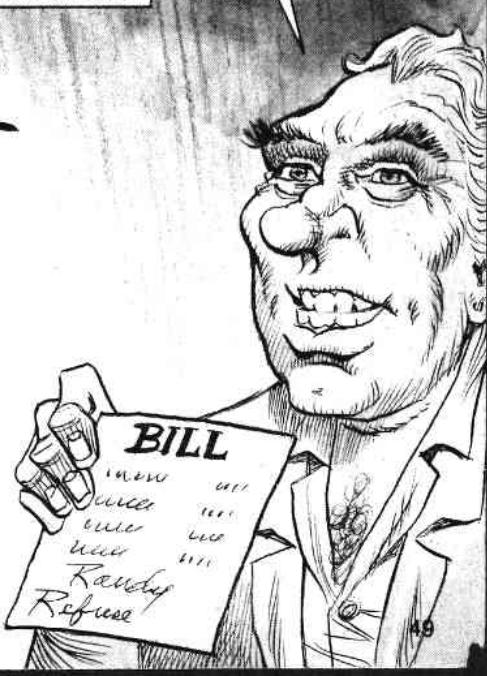
And this is Nanny Dickering saying...

Here you go. What's that?
My bill for trash removal.

You charged me for throwing
that gum wrapper away???

Well, you didn't think I was doing it to be nice, did you? It's my business!

Ah, folks, you wanna **move on** to the **Shut-Ups?** I don't think the next words out of my mouth are gonna be Ta Ta... **Now, about this bill**, you little **con** artist...



SHUT-UPS



WARNING

THIS ROOM

PROTECTED BY

GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORTS

BONGO, CONGO

AUGUST 4

1837



MOMODOU OBUDA
INVENTS THE 100 YARD DASH.